

Life

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1833

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The **DOUBLE EAGLE** by
GOODYEAR

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The POINT—The season's smartest shape. Pointed ends . . . Seen first at Palm Beach

These new *Spur Bows* are smart for summer

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Morning, noon, and night . . . at the office, on a party, away on vacation . . . there is a new Spur Bow that is right for every kind of summer wear.

Your dealer will show you the best-looking lot of silks and the handsomest patterns that we have ever assembled in Spur Bows for summer. He has them now, at 50 and 75 cents each.

Spur Bow

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Makers of the Spur Royale



SPUR BATS

All the new shapes and silks can be had in this style, too . . . to tie yourself.



THEY ALWAYS

COME BACK

FOR MORE



PERHAPS it's the sea they like. (But, after all, there's a lot of coastline in the world.) Perhaps they like the diversions . . . golf, the amusements of the Boardwalk, the glorious beach (and the convenience of bathing right from the hotel). . . . But, after all, many hotels share these, or similar advantages.

We like to believe what our guests often tell us . . . that here they find the friendly concern for their comfort that assures a delightful visit. May we suggest that you discover Chalfonte-Haddon Hall for yourself? Economical rates. Write for them. American and European Plans.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company



Life

JULY : 1933

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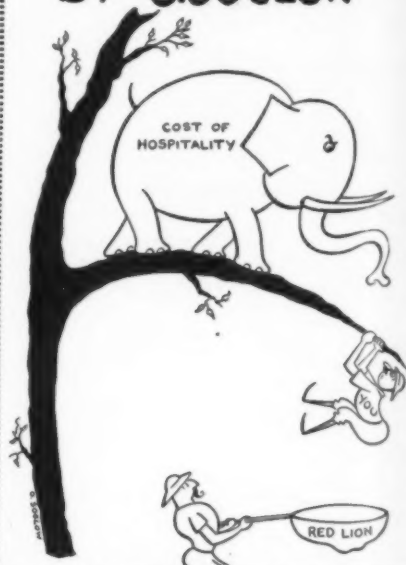
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"I can't take it—it was made in Germany!"

How To Save Money

BY O.SOGLOW



Economical. Pure. Whip around to your grocer or druggist and buy a bottle. It flavors a gallon. W. A. Taylor & Co., 12 Vestry St., N. Y.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POPULAR SONG

OH boy, am I good! And am I going to be a smash hit! You're telling me? Now if the orchestra leaders will only give me a break, and play me now and then I'll sweep the country like a hurricane. I'll captivate people for months and months, and live to a ripe old age.

Ah! Dizzy Grompus and his Synco-pators played me in the Cyanide Tooth Paste hour last night, and did I go over big! Already a thousand letters have come in to the studio asking for a repeat. Boys, I'm off—and how!

Gained like a house afire in the last twenty-four hours. Happy Wiffle and his Jazzatics played me with a special arrangement in the Utopia Moth Balls hour. Sally Throckmorton sang me in the Powdered Spinach hour, and Fer-die Warren crooned me in the Myopia Super-Twelve program. Letters are now coming in by the hundred thousand. *Valencia* was a flop compared to me.

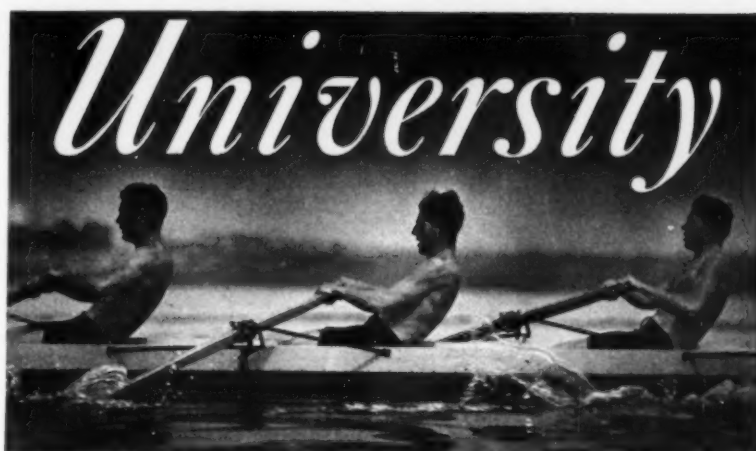
Increase in popularity today was nothing short of sensational. Played with special arrangements by seven of the leading bands in seven of the leading commercial programs. Martha Drake, Alice Simonds, the Fuller Sisters, the Y Sisters, the Three Triplets, Ham Pollock, George Carson, and Biffy Dolan all crooned me. Ronny Thorp played me on a harmonica. Bill Lannin played me on a Jews-harp. Harry Quade played me in C sharp on his set of pitched door knobs. Oh boy, oh boy! Two million letters about me.

Slight falling off yesterday as I woke up feeling a bit creaky in the joints. Only played on five big programs, and only featured by six soloists and instrumentalists. Letters also showed somewhat of a variation with one million requests to play me, and one million requests not to play me.

Woke up today with weak heart, hardening of the arteries, and almost total blindness. Doctors say I won't live over night. Studio pianist of station WWWW, Four Crossings, Kansas, played me. Seven request letters came in, and two million, seven hundred thousand exhortations to give me a rest. People are so humane, and know that I want to be left to die in peace. Oh well, it was a wonderful week while it lasted.

—Parke Cummings.

Nowadays, a man is judged by the company he keeps solvent.



"APPEARED THIS WEEK—

• —THE first issue of *University*, tentatively begun as a quarterly. Price: 25c. Fat (96 pages), typographically neat, *University* includes a dozen pages of campus humor bought from undergraduate funnybooks; a novellette and a short story; a profusion of cartoons; sports by Grantland Rice; humorous sketches. Good feature: a portfolio of informal pictures of campus celebrities . . . —*TIME*, May 29.

BUY YOUR COPY OF

University

Edited By and For College People

Published by LIFE Magazine, Inc., 60 E. 42nd St., New York City

A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane
NEW YORK

Summer Rates Now in Effect

HERE is the one hotel ideally situated to make your visit most pleasant and memorable. A good tip to the transient visitor is that the New Yorker who knows his New York takes up his summer residence at Park Lane when his family is out of town.

Added to all the advantages of an address of distinction, the quiet and exclusive atmosphere, and the comfortable and charming suites, is the very material pleasure of the lower summer rates. These rates apply to transient as well as monthly residence.

The notable cuisine of the famous Tapestry Room is also available in the rooms.

ROOM and BATH
daily from \$4.00
monthly from \$100

TWO ROOM SUITES
daily from \$8.00
monthly from \$200

Prix Fixe Luncheon \$1.00—Dinner \$2.00

HARRY TAIT, General Manager Telephone Wickersham 2-4100

Park Avenue, 48th to 49th Streets, New York

Cent-sible!

**TWICE AS MUCH "WATER"... A HANDY
BIG BOTTLE... AND A REAL 1933 PRICE**

LET'S talk cents! It's come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the "and water" part of a long, tall drink costs almost as much as the other part. And something should be done about it!

Something *has* been done! Here's Canada Dry's Sparkling Water! Here's a *big* bottle of "water" that makes anywhere from 5 to 8 long, tall drinks.



And remember—you can't buy a better carbonated water for table or mixing at *any* price! It's made by Canada Dry's secret process of pin-point carbonation. The life and sparkle *last*! It even keeps its zest overnight!

**A FULL 28-OUNCE BOTTLE ONLY
20c... PLUS 5c BOTTLE DEPOSIT**

Slightly higher in some places where freight rates do not permit return of bottles.



CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

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PREDICTIONS FOR THE JITTERY MONTH OF—

1933 JULY 1933

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
<p>The natal jewel is the ruby for a contented mind. (Her mind <i>should</i> be contented but how is her conscience?)</p>	<p>The natal flower is the water lily for purity of heart. They don't give orchids for the likes of that.</p>	<p>Girls born before the 23d are hard to make. They will not sell matrimony short.</p>	<p>The hearts of men who were born before the 23d can be reached through their stomachs.</p>	<p>Girls born after the 22d should be careful. They can not get away with things the way their friends do.</p>	<p>Men born after the 22d make good husbands but they flirt too much.</p>	<p>1</p>  <p>The June newlyweds receive more bills than their budgets allow.</p>
<p>2</p>  <p>England stalemates Gandhi as King George goes on a hunger strike.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Tammany Hall recommends that the unemployed eat cake and spoil their appetites.</p>	<p>4</p>  <p>Hitler complains that American gangsters make him pay for protection.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>The June newlyweds learn that they cannot live on love.</p>	<p>6</p>  <p>Prosperity Extra! Housewives find a chicken in every pot but they have forgotten how to cook it.</p>	<p>7</p> <p>The Socialists appeal to the public's intelligence. Change their name to the 'When-Do-We-Eat Party.'</p>	<p>8</p> <p>New Yorkers breathe easier as Mayor O'Brien says reports of bad city finances are only Red propaganda.</p>
<p>9</p> <p>The farm mortgage moratorium spoils ten million farmers' daughters' chances to marry rich mortgagoes.</p>	<p>10</p>  <p>Chicago teachers don barrels as they face new pay delay.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Chicago saves unpaid teachers from wearing barrels. Gives them bathing suits.</p>	<p>12</p>  <p>Germany's demand for a place in the sun bears fruit. Ten countries offer to give it a tanning.</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Chicago announces \$1,000,000 prize contest for best suggestion on how to borrow \$2,000,000.</p>	<p>14</p>  <p>Mayor O'Brien arrests 500 bankers for saying they would not trust New York with another nickel.</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Tammany solves New York financial problem. Authorizes comptroller to bet on the horses.</p>
<p>16</p> <p>Scandal breaks over fascist arm salute as Mussolini is accused of controlling the liniment trust.</p>	<p>17</p> <p>Extral The R. F. C. opens a department to lend dimes for cups of coffee.</p>	<p>18</p>  <p>Now it comes out! Professor Einstein once flunked Adolf Hitler in math.</p>	<p>19</p> <p>Necessity wins again. German hostesses force Nazis to lift the ban on Jews needed as fourths for bridge.</p>	<p>20</p>  <p>Marlene Dietrich changes to knickers to show her legs.</p>	<p>21</p> <p>MacFadden sends 63,000,000 True Stories to Germany to meet the demands of the new German mind.</p>	<p>22</p>  <p>Mussolini sends his wife to jail for going on an 18-day diet.</p>
<p>23</p> <p>William Randolph Hearst decides not to spend his vacation in Japan.</p>	<p>24</p>  <p>Japan continues her defensive war in defense of generals' jobs.</p>	<p>25</p> <p>President Roosevelt makes brokers write "Honesty is the best policy", 10,000 times.</p>	<p>26</p>  <p>Wages rise so high that the bosses become Bolsheviks.</p>	<p>27</p> <p>Soviet right wing crushed. Stalin orders all Russians to become left-handed.</p>	<p>28</p>  <p>Hitler succumbs to attack of rust of the iron fist.</p>	<p>29</p> <p>World-wide fascist movement checked as haberdashers run out of new colors for shirts.</p>
<p>30</p>  <p>Great day at the zoo! Clyde Beatty brings Hitler back alive.</p>	<p>31</p> <p>The Farm Board calls spinach potatoes to boost sales but spinach by any other name...</p>	<p>Husbands of girls born before the 23d will spend their vacations at the seashore.</p>	<p>Girls born after the 22d will find their emotions a better guide than their judgment.</p>	<p>Men born before the 23d make devoted husbands, but they do not like to go out nights.</p>	<p>Men should not lie to girls born after the 22d because they can tell.</p>	<p><i>To be continued next month</i></p>

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Vialé

LONDON



Summer is coming on. It's just the time to visit London — and Grosvenor House.

Grosvenor House because it faces Hyde Park, and in all Europe there isn't a pleasanter sight than Hyde Park in full bloom, with flowers and trees and pretty women, and horsemen cantering beside velvet lawns.



At Grosvenor House you have London 'town life' at its best. In the hotel every small detail for your comfort has been thought about—even down to American coffee, and showers in the bathrooms. Just five minutes away is the smart shopping area and theatreland.



The tariff less than you might expect to pay in Park Lane—double rooms from 1½ guineas, single rooms from 1 guinea, suites from 2 guineas. Cable or write for reservations.



GROSVENOR HOUSE

Park Lane
LONDON

CABLE: GROVHOWS, AUDLEY, LONDON

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



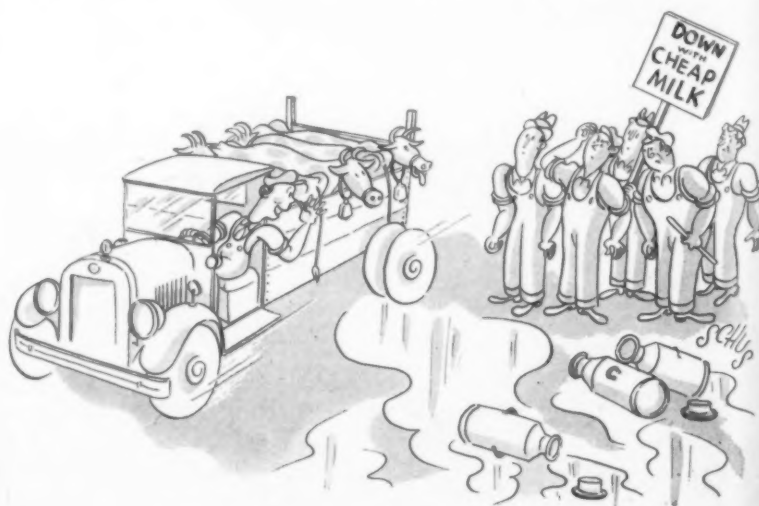
BEST BOOK OF THE MONTH: *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada. **BEST AMERICAN NOVEL:** *Pity is not Enough* by Josephine Herbst. **BEST HUMOR:** *In One Ear...* by Frank Sullivan. But at that it isn't any too good within the covers of a book. **BEST MYSTERY:** *The Album* by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Symposium

THE dramatic critics have such similar views on plays that they are often accused of going into a huddle in the lobby after the second act and framing the thing. I distrust this report because the lobbies of New York theatres are built to accommodate eleven grown people and Rabbit Maranville and on opening nights are filled with gunmen in waiters' suits, their molls, the semi-literate section of Park Avenue, the author's relatives and creditors, and the crowd from the \$1.10 deck who come down to see if Robert Garland looks like he writes and return sadly aloft, convinced of it. The point is that any three people trying to go into a huddle in that jam would get irretrievably mangled by string-halted debutantes and persons of indistinguishable mentality who call in high, carrying voices to friends across the auditorium, "Yoo-hoo, Robert K. Arbuthnot, 432 Park Avenue! How are you? How is dear Deborah? Are you liking it?", so that the Hearst report-

ers will have no difficulty in keeping the common people informed of how things will be with them when they save hard and buy both a morning and afternoon paper.

What I am trying to get at is that the dramatic critics may not gang up on plays they are reviewing, but the New York book critics are showing evidence of gathering at the Meeting Place on Thursday afternoons for no good purpose. Recently Messrs. Gannett, Hansen and Soskin made an onslaught upon a symposium edited by Samuel Schmalhausen (Covici-Friede). The three reviews were published the same day, the ideas were the same, the attack was launched from the same angle, even the commas seemed to fall in place naturally. The style, naturally, was their own. The trend about Mr. Schmalhausen is quite set. About two years ago it became fashionable to be very witty about Mr. Schmalhausen's symposiums and the critics are still faithfully very witty every time Mr. Schmalhausen's name arises. For those who have come in since the lecture started, I may say that a symposium is a group of articles around a certain topic, written by different men and joined lovingly in one volume, generally by Mr. Schmalhausen. For the further information of those present, I may add that when it comes to harnessing twenty prima donnas to one job and making them come through with something good, Mr. Schmalhausen verges closely upon genius. Going still further, I will say that the articles in his latest book are good enough to appear in any magazine in the coun-



"All right, you guys! Try and spill this milk!"

try and too good for 98% of them.

Good-Bye, William

THE ideal way to lose a friend is to tell him how he should have written his last book. The only fair-minded critic would be one who lived in a vault and was fed through a hose, having no personal friends but his keeper. However, when you go to a man's house and eat his bubble and squeak and then tell him you don't like his novel, you may be biting the hand that feeds you, but you may also be saving him from another book like it. W. E. Woodward has just written *Evelyn Prentice* (Knopf) which will undoubtedly sell very well, and yet I wish he hadn't done it. Mr. Woodward has had a varied and successful career. Starting as an editor and writer and becoming a biographer of distinction, he spent a considerable period of his life as a big-shot business man. What he can do with that material is shown by his *Bunk and Lottery*. Mr. Woodward now threatens to confine his writing to the effects of love on the individual. Well, I'm for love. I was one of the signers of the original petition. But when I think of love and then of Mr. Pecora speaking officially to Mr. Morgan, I begin to get sharp with Mr. Woodward. There are hundreds of others who can write about love and just try to keep them from it, but there are only a few who can write in the Woodward style about business as contrasted with the *Saturday Evening Post* style. I hope I shall not have to speak about this matter again.

Mr. Bennett Again

WE now have the third volume of Arnold Bennett's *Journal* (Viking Press) and it persists in showing him as a fellow who was kindly and agreeable but not important. And yet he wrote one of the masterpieces of our time, *Old Wives' Tale*. Did he go off into the wilderness and commune with his soul while he was doing it? Not Arnold. He dropped it every time an editor waved seven bucks at him for a review, he monkeyed with a play which by dint of great struggle might have attained the rank of lousy and he wrote stories for magazines too awful for a dentist's waiting room. And all the time he was writing *Old Wives' Tale*, a lesson for

all time to people who think they can tell what a man may do from what he has done.

As befitted a man the English themselves thought of as "common" (See Somerset Maugham's remark in his *Travellers' Book*), Bennett was snobbish with others and particularly with the Americans. Always rather snarky with us, I'm afraid. It's hard to imagine an Englishman really liking an American (unless, of course, he was more English than the English), but we really could do better I suppose if we put ourselves to it. We could keep Sinclair Lewis from going over for one thing. He irritates the life out of them.



Shorter Mention

Zest by Charles G. Norris. The love life of a man who flits from flahr to flahr, from sweetie to wife to mistress until the bitter end.

Little Man, What Now? by Hans Fallada. Pinneberg, the clerk, and Bunny, his wife, going downhill in a way which gets you. *What Now* turns out to be Hitler.

France on Fifty Dollars; Germany on Fifty Dollars by Sydney A. Clark. Jails free in Germany this season if you're of the right faith.

Air Adventure by William Seabrook. To Timbuctoo by airplane with Willie. This time it seems to be the truth.

Gambler's Wife by Malinda Jenkins and Jesse Lilienthal. For her third, Mrs. Jenkins married Jenky, the gambler. Did he lead her a life? Was he a wild one? Good frontier stuff.

Inflation by Donald Woodward and Marc Rose. *The Primer of Inflation* by Earl Sparling. For a moment, I thought I had it, but it's no use. I'll get stuck no matter what we have. I simply don't understand money in the abstract.

The Album by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Quadruple murder ruffles the dignity of a suburban residential park. Fine tale spinning, but the detective work not so hot.

As the Earth Turns by Gladys Hastings Carroll. The rock bound bucolics of Maine, eating, drinking, tilling, birthing, dying. For them as likes it—but often as dull as the horse-trough in midsummer.

A Case for Mr. Paul Savoy by Jackson Gregory. The unknown corpse was nekkid as an egg but Mr. Savoy, starting from nothing but nudity, pins it on the right San Francisco plutocrat.

The Judas Tree by Neil H. Swanson. The Black Watch, the Gordon Highlanders fight the Indians at Fort Pitt. R. W. Chambers did this sort of thing better.

Without Music by Dwight Fiske. Cynical society verse by a gentleman who shocks the dowagers at the smarter night-clubs when he recites it.

He Arrived at Dusk by R. C. Ashby. The ghost of a Roman legionary raises hell on the bleak Northumberland coast until a London sleuth exorcises him (not exercises).

Man Wants But Little by Wilson Wright. The simple story of a simple Cuban peasant, who was born to be a slave and liked it.

Hanging Water by Keith West. How they solve crimes in China without Scotland Yard. Zooie!

The Forbidden Territory by Dennis Wheatley. Hunting for the Czarist jewels in that terrible Soviet Union.

The charm, the private-home atmosphere, the superlative advantages of living here...are now available for short stays or permanent residence.



By the day . . .

AT THE

SHERRY-

NETHERLAND

on Central Park . . . New York

+

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street



—TINTYPE BY TONY BALCOM
Unhappy Warrior Sen. Hiram Johnson, whose Golden State laid an egg. (see page opp.)

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JULY, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

Perplexed Politician POLITICS is such an intricate affair nowadays that even hardened practitioners like Hiram Johnson [see opposite page] sometimes get all tangled up in it. In the last campaign, you will recall, the California senator slid from the back seat of the stalled Republican phaeton, swung briskly aboard the Democratic calliope and urged his constituents to jump for their lives—with the result that Native Sons who had been consistent Reps ever since the Civil War registered as Dems. As such they helped choose the Garner delegates to the convention, and it was these who turned the tide for Roosevelt. The old-guard Reps made inarticulate sounds and waited for Johnson to step alone into some dark alley. Johnson, secure in his large California following, wore the bland smile of one who knows what he's doing.

But even a microscope couldn't find that smile now. In politics there are pitfalls even for the wariest, and Johnson's lay in an act passed quietly by his state legislature a year or so ago. People were always forgetting to register, so Johnson's friends put through a law decreeing that, from then on, *once registered was registered for good*. The sigh of relief that went up from the electorate was echoed by Johnson and the other incumbents—even the laziest of their friends would vote for them now. No one saw the sunken road of Ohain until, suddenly, there it was.

For now, virtually all of California's Republicans, with the exception of the Old Guard, are registered as Democrats, which means they can't vote at Republican primaries. So when Johnson comes up for reelection two years hence, they can't nominate him! Of course, the pseudo-Dems can all reregister as Reps [just as they can all see their dentists twice a year] but most of them are so completely sold on the

idea of never again registering that all Johnson has to do, if he wants that nomination, is to induce the recent landslide to go back where it came from, a shovelful at a time.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Sitting Pull TRYING to persuade a prospective sightseer to board an empty rubberneck wagon is enough to discourage the most convincing barker. You can wheedle your head off, but unless your bus looks filled up and ready to go, they won't climb aboard.

Hence the human decoy or Sitter who, as his title would indicate, is paid to sit. His job is to look cool in summer, warm in winter, and agreeable whatever the season. When the bus is about to leave, the sitter gets out to sit in another of the company's busses until it leaves, and so on.

Vastly intrigued by the idea of sit-



ting as a vocation, we spent a recent Saturday afternoon in Times Square, the world's greatest rubberneck depot, and learned much about the theory and practice of sitting. A bus with its placard *We Are the Only Company Leaving On Time* drew most of our attention from 1:30 until it left. According to a bulletin board and a raucous barker it was due to leave at 2:15. At 2:20 the barker, having landed only a few stray passengers, casually erased 2:15 and inserted 2:30. At 2:45, three professional sitters got out and the bus left On Time.



"Ever since beer's been legal, he's been getting mash notes from the government."

Free Trial WE HAND along a conversation that took place the other day between a wage earner and a salesman. The conversation involved a watch and something to sign. The salesman was from the Metropolitan, he said, and was offering to let his prospect take the watch home for a couple of weeks *on trial*. All he had to do was sign a receipt for it. He had to sign it quickly, though; the salesman was in something of a hurry. But a skeptical presence punctured the deal and the salesman went away.

Later on, we were able to peruse a standard Metropolitan receipt at leisure, and we found in it clauses that don't ordinarily appear in receipts. It read, in part:

RECEIPT FOR MERCHANDISE

RECEIVED, from the Metropolitan Credit Company, 1370 Broadway, New York City . . .

Then, in small type:

. . . sold and delivered to me and accepted by me, as is, this date, as an absolute and unconditional sale to me. I hereby irrevocably empower . . . to assign absolutely . . . any money due to me as personal earnings or otherwise.

(Signature)

The Company disposes of any number of gewgaws in this hasty and irrevocable fashion. And collects.

Confidence THE BARGAIN-HUNTING instinct of the American shopper leads him into auction stores often enough to make it a profitable business—for the auctioneers. The illusion that the shopper is

purchasing the bankrupt stock of defunct establishments somehow adds to the inducement, and the daily auction flourishes.

We joined a crowd in a Manhattan auction store the other day to watch the auctioneer perform. He didn't want any money, he said; his only desire was to get your confidence, and he had numerous confidence-getters. One of them was to collect nickels on the promise that they would be returned, with a souvenir, at the close of the auction. Another was to run the bidding up to about 35 cents on half a dozen articles worth, say \$5.00, then lay the articles aside. This was repeated until enough people had bid to compose a sizable crowd that would stick around for awhile. Then the auctioneer disposed of innumerable knick-knacks, while the



"Congratulations, Reverend; you made Morgan's list!"

original bidders stood around, with admirable patience.

A little browsing revealed that the auction wasn't a sale of bankrupt stock, but an effective means of disposing of cheap new merchandise at fancy prices. One time a lady turned up at the Better Business Bureau with the complaint that she had paid \$200.00 for a ring she could match in any trinket shop for \$25.00.

Among the auction anecdotes on record is one of the customer who, after having made an expensive bid for a diamond, wanted to back out at the last minute. The auctioneer, astonished at the man's inability to recognize the bargain of the century, ridiculed him boisterously.

Sure, he shouted, take it back if you want to. It's nothing but glass, I suppose! Nothing but Hoboken beer-bottle glass!

The crowd tittered, and the customer was shamed into paying for his bargain. Hoboken beer-bottle glass? Yes, it was.

Privileged Workers ONE OF THE slickest [un]employment rackets ever perpetrated is being prpttrd all over the country these days. It specializes on professional people, accountants, editors, head bkkprs and the like. An advertisement of this kind is run in the most reputable nwsprr in town:

RESPONSIBLE POSITION OPEN

Leading publication or accounting firm in its field seeks responsible employee-partner. Small cash investment, fully secured, required. Write ASG, % this paper.

The job-hungry people write. They come to see the advertiser. And they are told this. They are to invest \$300, with which they get a stock interest and fifty-a-week job. At the end of six weeks the firm is to decide whether or not the new employee is worthy of continuing. This, it is explained, is a mere formality; if the unexpected happens, and they are not In Spirit with the employing company, they are let out. In this event their salary has covered their investment, which means that they've given their services gratis for six weeks. Thus the advertiser, undoubtedly above reproach in every other respect, never has to worry about a payroll. Oddly enough, most victims



"And over there—behind that fruit cart—is the Empire State Building."

of this scheme choose to believe that the proposition is essentially honest. Fact: They're tickled pink at the chance to work and don't realize that they've paid their own salary.

History-Making THE LAW has given the world the *ambulance chaser* but it took The Press to go them one better and evolve a type known to the trade as the *hearse chaser*. The genuine hearse chaser usually operates under the title of the Such and Such Historical Society, and is forever compiling a history of your community.

His technique is simple, sympathetic, and ingratiating. He reaches the families of deceased citizens through the obituary columns and loses no time in convincing them that the perfect memorial to the departed would be a write-up in *The History of the Country*. The biography is free, but the Society wouldn't think of running a biography without running a picture along with it. That comes to about \$350.00 [costs the Society about twenty, we'd say] and of course the family will want a copy of the History when it comes out—another \$50.00 or so. The prospects are usually too dazed at the turn of events to know exactly what they're doing. They find out later on, though, when they receive a volume filled mostly with biographical sketches of people they never heard of.

When enough Memorials have been sold to fill a sizable and profitable volume it goes to press, and another History is started. There've been Histories of virtually every state and sizable community in the country and the hearse chasers are still grinding out more. The historical value of these volumes approximates that of a mail order catalogue.

ARTS AND LETTERS

Mr. Schmitt WE HAZARD a guess that the number of people who at one time or another thought they could write approximates the census figures of the total adult population. The thriving business of Bureaus offering more or less helpful advice to writers supports the conjecture.

We refer specifically to some of the agents advertising that they want



"He'll be the life of the party!"

stories, poems, etc. The Writer's Placement Bureau of Omaha, for example, promises to do wonders for your manuscript for \$3; the Universal Scenario Company of Hollywood offers even more for \$21.50; and the Daniel O'Malley Co. of New York will be no end of help for \$35. All of them will submit it to appropriate markets for you.

By way of putting these sages through their paces, this is part of a story that was sent to them for consideration:

"Home from the South Sea Islands"

Mr. Wm Jackson was one of the very best workers in the factory where he worked but the foreman was down on him and always telling the boss



"What! Do you mean to say Mrs. Roosevelt has given up 'Babies'—just Babies?"

lies about him so when they laid him off he said I will show them he said. I will take a ship to the South Sea Islands he said and make a lot of money and when I come back they will be surprised and sorry also and I will just laugh at them he said.

So he started out to hitch hike to San Francisco Cal. where he could catch a ship But it took him a very long time because the factory where they fired him out of was in N.J. and San Francisco is in Calif. all the way across the country from N.J. . .

There was lots more but you must get the idea by now. It seems incredible that any rational person would encourage such endeavor, money or no money, but here are the facts: The Universal Scenario Company wanted to collect their fee and revise it for submission to a selected list of magazine publishers, book publishers, or others. . . The Daniel O'Malley Co. considered the story original, dramatic, colorful. . . And a Mr. Schmitt, of the Writer's Placement Bureau, took all prizes by mailing his personal congratulations to the author of the above hodgepodge. The way you have carried out your plot and handled your wording, he had the intestinal fortitude to write, shows me your ability as a writer.

ENTERTAINMENT

Only \$1,300 WILL the clouds never disperse? Now from Hollywood, via the Associated Press, comes the depressing news that 10-year-old Jackie Cooper is shuffling through his paces on a \$1,300-a-week salary, the first reduction he has accepted since he began his screen career.

It seems that poor old Jackie, during the next two years, will receive \$76,000 less than a graduated contract, signed two years ago, specified. In the fifth year, the star was to have received \$3,000 weekly. Next year Jackie will probably find that, like J. P. Morgan, he won't be able to pay his income tax.

Items like these have a good psychological effect on us. Our own little salary cuts seem trivial by comparison, and if Jackie Cooper can carry on at a miserable \$1,300 a week, it makes us a

little ashamed of ourselves for grousing about Hard Times. Let's push Onward and Upward—with Jackie Cooper, and Roosevelt!

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Circulation Sob Sisters SOME of the California newspapers have found a way of lining their own particular depression clouds with at least a plating of silver. A telephone subscriber in any of the big Bay cities—provided he's in the book—is likely any day to hear a sad, sweet voice purling his name over the wire.

This is Mrs. Green, a neighbor of yours, it says. You don't know me personally but I've seen you pass the house often and I just naturally turned to you in my trouble. My husband has lost his position, three of the children are ill, and the landlord is threatening to put us out. But fortunately the Call-Bulletin has agreed to allow us a generous commission on every subscription I turn in. May I count on one from you?

The tale so affected a friend of ours recently that tears came into his eyes

before the voice was half through. He couldn't place Mrs. Green, but he didn't like to say so; he merely gulped assent to the proposition and hung up. Half an hour later his phone rang again. Another sweet voice had a variation of the same story; but this time our friend was offered the *Tribune*, with A.P. service, and Walter Lippmann and everything.

It wasn't until a third sad, sweet voice tried to sell him the *Examiner* that our friend was convinced. The next morning he dropped in at the *Examiner* office, where he used to know his way around pretty well, and got the lowdown. In a little room partitioned off from the rest of the circulation department was a long counter with any number of headpiece phones on it. Each headpiece was clamped around a sad, sweet voice. And all the voices were talking in a jumble of sadness and sweetness and neighborliness and old-time friendship.

Well, the next time one of these Neighbors called our friend he asked for her address and said he'd drop over with the money. But you'd be surprised how far across town his Neighbor lived.

GREAT MINDS

"What's the idea of annoying me?"
—Waxey Gordon.

"Art is free."
—Diego Rivera.

"Women want equality with men in all things except morals."
—Lady Astor.

"In a certain sense, indeed, I am an artist."
—Adolf Hitler.

"Huey Long the Kingfish is sincere."
—Huey P. Long.

"The American expression 'oh yeah' is rather pretty."
—G. B. Shaw.

"The Communist Party is the most snobbish in the world."
—Heywood Brown.

"I meet great people."
—John P. O'Brien.



"—and to his nephew, Leonard Livermore, he leaves his lifetime fountain pen."

SUPER-BEINGS

A prominent astronomer thinks Mars may be inhabited, possibly with people who have a superior intelligence to human beings

Discovered: A couple of Martians

"HELLO, Joe, what do you think of the trouble in Mandaland?"

"Al, Mandaland is three thousand miles from here, and it's a very complicated situation. Frankly, I can't claim to know a darn thing about it."

"Very wise, Joe. Say, that's a nice necktie you have."

"Yeah, before I buy ties, I always try them on first to make sure that they tie neatly, and match my suit. Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks, I've got plenty of my own. I never go without a big supply. You get people sore if you bum too many. Say, how are you getting along with Marion?"

"O. K. I like her a lot. That's because she always lets me talk about myself, and pretends to be interested

"Well, if you know so much, why don't you come down and do it!"



"Aw gee, Mother, I don't want to grow up and have dishpan hands!"

in everything I'm doing. It doesn't fool me, but I like it."

"Very sound, Joe, very sound. Say, I see the jury sent that gangster up for life."

"Uh huh. According to the rules of court procedure they should have acquitted, but they convicted him because they were positive he was guilty."

"Sure. Everybody knows he was. Have another drink?"

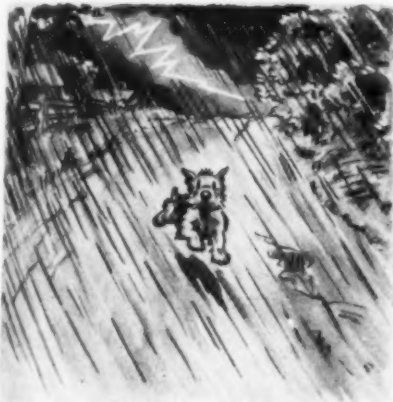
"No thanks, I've had exactly enough to make me feel fine. Say, I hear that Bill claims you owe him a letter."

"Yeah, that's right, and there's no use kidding myself that I haven't written because I haven't had time. I've had plenty of time, but I've just been too lazy. Been playing any golf lately?"

"Played yesterday, and Fred beat me again. He should have beaten me worse—only I was on my game, and he was way off. I always have a lot of luck at golf."

"Same way with me in bridge. I always have better than my share of good cards, but I usually play them badly."

—Parke Cummings.



SINBAD . . . Three Cheers for the Fourth!

UNPAID TALENT

RALPH ran across the street and grasped my hand enthusiastically. "Did you catch me on the Ed Wynn program last night?" he blurted out, his eyes lit with eagerness.

The complete blankness of my expression seemed to convince him that his performance with Ed Wynn had stunned me. "Well—", I began.

"Boy, was I good!" he exclaimed. "There were fourteen complaints before the program was over, and today they've been wiring in from as far off as 'Frisco, raising hell!"

No word has yet been coined for Ralph's latest and most nefarious activity, but Dr. Vizetelly is probably working on it now. What *would* you call a mug—and Ralph *is* a mug—who gets into a radio studio and makes himself objectionable by coughing and/or laughing indecorously during the broadcast? To do such a thing is, of course, to violate all radio studio regulations but then, Ralph was never one to observe the social niceties. For years, he enjoyed a dubious fame as the fellow in the newsreels who always walked in front of the camera just as the mayor was handing the visiting celebrity the keys to the city. Later, when the sound camera came in, his irrelevant shouting at microphones was always deleted by unsympathetic film editors, and Ralph suffered a temporary setback.

HE started this new phase of his unique career a year or so ago when he succeeded in gaining admittance—through a drag with the drummer in Jacques Renard's orchestra—to one of the Camel Quarter-Hour broadcasts. Shortly after the program started, the folding chair on which Ralph was standing—he was in the back row—collapsed. Ralph's drummer friend tried to cover the crash by taking a swipe at his cymbal and leering at the pianist, but the clatter had been heard in a million homes.

To Ralph, who heard reports after the broadcast from all sides, it was the dawn of a new day. Everyone commented on it; everyone had, seem-

ingly, overlooked Morton Downey's high C and Tony Wons' poem about Baby's Toes and Little Pink Nose. The crash of the folding chair had clicked. Ralph immediately saw the immense possibilities of a career in this new field, and he got busy.

It was just about this time that famous comedians began to demand audiences for their broadcasts, and Ralph made plans to get in on an Eddie Cantor program. He showed up early at the studio one Sunday night, ticket clutched in hand, and got a seat way down front, near the microphone. Every time the audience laughed Ralph laughed too, but a little louder and a little longer. Once he sneezed.



"Where's that little Jewish kid that came to work this morning?"
"Oh, he left to go into business for himself."

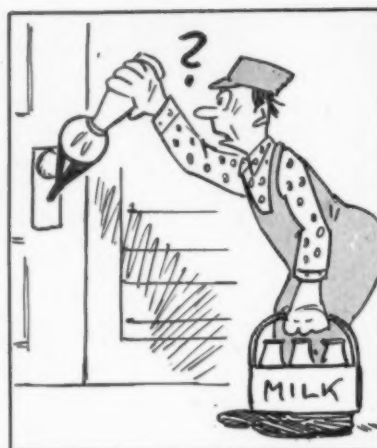
The next day he questioned a few of his acquaintances and found a number of radio fans who had detected a strange laugh the night before. They also recalled the sneeze. Ralph was coming on. He opened an office and had cards printed.

Following a three weeks' season with Cantor, Ralph went after Jack Pearl. During the week before the program, he posted all his friends in town to listen, and even wrote to a couple of pals in Chicago, and one each in Denver and Hollywood. In the course of time he heard from all of them except the one in Hollywood who had gone to a Grauman opening. They commented on his performance and compared it favorably with that of the star. Ralph opened another office, had more cards printed and took a small place in the country.

The night before he met me on the



"Mary Lou, will you all entertain Mr. Banks till Ah come down?"



street, he had made his debut on the Ed Wynn program and felt that he had surpassed himself. The studio officials had, apparently, agreed with him. After the mid-point announcement, they had placed a page boy near Ralph's chair, the "page boy" being a delightful euphemism for a black-jowled brute whose shoulders were appropriate for carrying a 100-pound cake of ice. For some reason Ralph's

laughs lost their raucous heartiness during the second half of the program. His scouts reported a perfect blank on the air.

But Ralph had recovered from his momentary eclipse of the evening before. "Listen for me next week," he called back, as he prepared to dodge a return through traffic. "I'm breaking in a new program with Bert Lahr!"

—Gustav Klemm.



"The Radcliffe girls are on the lawn, Madam."

LOVE KNOT

I STRUGGLE very hard to keep From letting gusts of ardor sweep Between my typewriter and me. I've work to do and should not be Sidetracked by warmth and happiness. Yet I'm unable to repress These sudden inward smiles. I find They stealthily invade my mind No matter how I struggle to Deny myself all thought of you From nine to five. Consider, please, The state of my apostrophe's Alone. Half of them turn out 8's. My P's are Q's. I leave out dates, Put in the carbon upside down, Smile vacantly when I should frown, In short, my conduct's just plain stupid, Thanks to that busybody Cupid.

—Margaret Fishback.

Great Minds of Stage and Screen

"One never knows what to-morrow will bring."

—Greta Garbo.

"Failure can only come from doing something not right."

—Katharine Cornell.

"I've always regretted my motion picture personality."

—Buddy Rogers.

"Marriage is absurd."

—Ann Harding.

"I adore Shakespeare."

—Lenore Ulric.

"They expect you to come back from Hollywood rich and snooty."

—Helen Hayes.

THE FARM RELIEF SITUATION AT A GLANCE

By Dr. Seuss

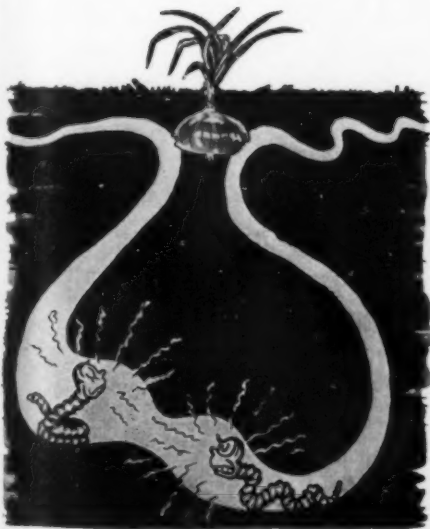


Relief for the Ostrich Farmer

"HOW," ostrich farmers always ask, "can I keep my birds from jabbing their heads under ground when frightened?" This eye-ruining habit can now be cured! Placing the bird on a special table, you scare him stiff with a false-face. In pops his head—whereupon he gets another dose of jitters from a *second* mask! Gradually realizing it's six of one and half a dozen of the other, he gives up the habit as futile.

Relief where Relief is Needed

CLOUDS will overshadow our rural communities until people stop talking Farmer Relief and get down to Real Fundamentals. The real thing that is depressing the farmer is *not* taxes, but the Traveling Salesman. If we can institute Farmer's Daughter Relief, the farmer will breathe with relief for himself.



Cutworm Relief

THAT juggernaut, the cutworm, is one crop menace that can be killed by cooperation. A cutwormless world is possible if all the farmers will agree to plant nothing for a whole season but garlic. A strict diet of garlic will make the cutworms so unattractive to one another that propagation will be out of the question.



THE LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

MY Dear Son: I have all of your telegrams notifying me that my checks to you had not cleared. I haven't replied until now because I have been living on the cash that your little brother Herbie had saved up for an air gun and could not afford stamps, let alone wires. Besides, I felt that sooner or later a Princeton graduate like you would learn somewhere that you and I and Mr. Morgan are all in this together. If I hadn't found a dime under the front seat of the car when I changed my first tire in twenty years I would not have been able to observe the return of beer.

You ought to learn to take it humorously. For instance here at home they said, "Well, the banks are open again," meaning two out of seventeen. Your brother Charlie showed the old family spirit by rigging up a series of mirrors that enabled him to cut his own hair. Seeing the cash shortage, your mother started in to bake bread to sell to the neighbors and she didn't stop till Herbie, who was delivering, met three neighbor boys all on their way to our house to peddle their mothers' bread.

I am proud to say that nobody in our family had been guilty of hoard-

ing. There is a hollow laugh that goes with that statement which you cannot get in a letter.

I've just been over to the post-office to get the enclosed money order and it made me think of old times. The line at the money order window was as long as the queue that used to wait outside the New Paradise Theatre for the second show.

The beer law saved the day down at the First National. The conservator moved the bank into a vacant cigar store and leased the banking room for a beer parlor.

Those flat-topped walnut desks vacated by the vice presidents make dandy tables, with their plate glass coverings which can be wiped off.

Don't ask for any more money. The moratorium is over for the banks which means it has just begun for the customers.

Your Affectionate Father,
—McCready Huston.



"You oughta know you can't send bombs second class!"

FOES OF BRIDGE

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. *Congressman Glenn Griswold of Indiana.*

He stated that he "would rather play with a good intelligent bird dog than play bridge."

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 2. *Prof. E. R. Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

He declared that bridge playing is "the lowest depth to which the human being can fall."

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 3. *Judge Joseph Sabath of Chicago.*

He advised married people to keep away from the bridge table, if they wanted to remain happy.

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 4. *Mayor E. E. Roberts of Reno, Nevada.*

He declared that the game of bridge is positively "silly."

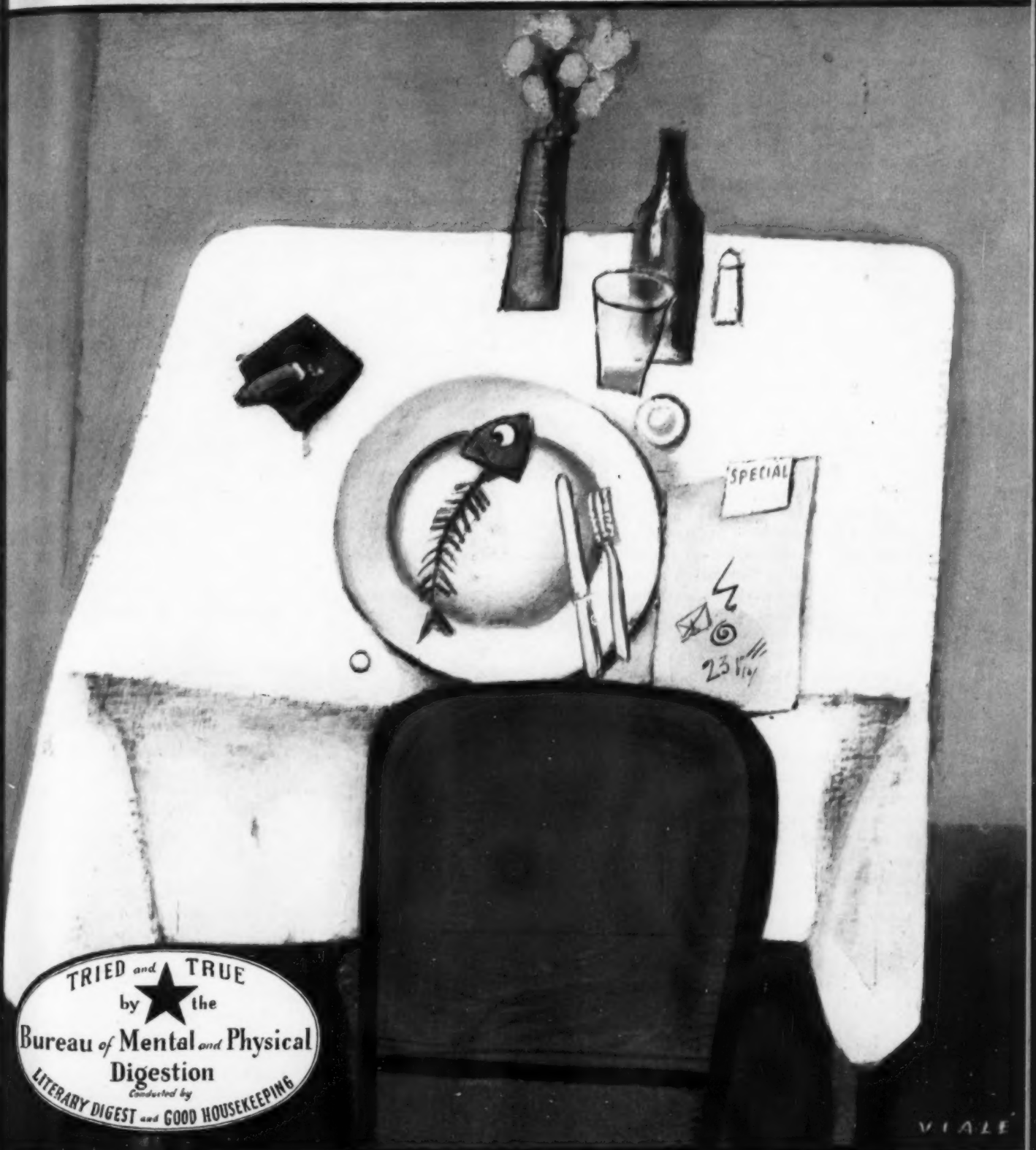
PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 5. *Dr. Alfred Adler of Vienna.*

He stated that ardent bridge players suffer from an inferiority complex.

—W. E. Farbstein.

Good Housekeeping *and The* Literary Digest

No. 3 of Life's Series of Impossible Magazine Mergers



TRIED and TRUE
by the
Bureau of Mental and Physical
Digestion
Conducted by
LITERARY DIGEST and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

at Krametz Galleries, New York

"GRATUITY"—By Alberto Vialevitch

The INSTITUTE'S TOPICS for JULY

Water Shoes

SOMETHING new for the outdoor girl: a pair of foot pontoons that are "about as clumsy as anything we've seen since the circus elephants came to town," says the Westerly (R. I.) *Bed-Post* in describing a quaint invention which has been tested by the Good Housekeeping-Literary Digest Institute.

"The pontoons are about six feet long and about a foot in diameter," observes the *Careless* (Cincinnati) *Observer*, "and are equipped with foot plates and leather straps which are obviously utilized by the owner. A long oar (or sweep) is supplied with each pair of pontoons, with which the pontoonswoman propels herself through the water, or wherever she happens to be."

There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the uses to which this apparatus will be put. "It will prove a boon to sleepwalkers vacationing near lakes or at the seashore," opines the Oakland (Calif.) *Republican Democrat*, "but outside of that, why, there seems to be no excuse for it."

The *Don* (New York) *Herald* disagrees because "although this device was manufactured to be used in water, there's no reason why an ingenious housekeeper shouldn't make use of the pontoons—as rolling pins, for example. The oar would do nicely at picnics to shoo away ants. And speaking of picnics, what's better than a snack in the grass?"

"Judging from the clothes on the girl in the photograph," asserts the Portland (Me.) *Twirling Globe*, "we're about twenty years too late in writing about this invention, so the deuce with it."

But the St. Louis *Post-Times-Examiner-News-Gazette* states that "the new foot pontoons enable the user to get places in a jiffy. All he or she does is strap them on, glide out onto the water, and capsize. Then an obliging canoeist fishes him (or her) out with grappling hooks and deposits him (or her) on the nearest dock, safe and sound."

The device has not been approved by the Good Housekeeping-Literary Digest Institute, and never will be.

A New Chopper

Up to the present, when a man has lost his head "he has only made a fool of himself," observes the Minneapolis

Cub Reporter. "Now, by means of a labor-saving device called 'Slick-As-A-Whistle', a man's head is apparently nicked off in a trice. It makes a neat trick and the fortunate victim not only saves himself untold embarrassment by preserving his dignity but he may even sell the picture rights to a cigarette advertiser."

The illusion is that the victim, minus his conk, feels nervously around where his bean should be and finds only empty space. "His other hand," reports the Norfolk (Va.) *Annual Gazette*, "waves

frantically over a tray on which rests the missing member."

The trick, explains the *Love* (Salt Lake City) *Call*, lies in a clever arrangement of black backdrops and stuff like that. "A stooge with a huge sword adds to the illusion which really wouldn't fool a four-year-old simpleton," it concludes.

This trick was tested by the Good Housekeeping-Literary Digest Institute but directions for performing it were vague and one of the Institute associates is now in the hospital with a badly gashed neck.

Salute Sling

From Germany comes a new sling in which any person can learn the Nazi salute "in a twinkling." As the Baltimore *Wayward Sun* reports it: "The subject is suspended from a convenient rafter and is left free to practise the salute, kick about Hitlerism, or assume a state of suspended animation."

The salute sling was tested by three members of the Good Housekeeping-Literary Digest Institute, all of whom promptly fell asleep.

The Cover

The subject of the canvas "Gratuity" on the cover is familiar to all but its modern treatment is distinctly commendable, and Mr. Alberto Vialevitch is recognized as a master of this technique.

Of this work the *Critical* (New Haven) *Examiner* says:

"'Gratuity' is the most abominable atrocity ever to hang in the Krenmitz Galleries, and the artist, Alberto Vialevitch, should be run out of town on a rail. We don't mean maybe."

Slips That Pass in the Spice of Life

Oh! Oh!—Dishes are washed more quickly when soap is put in the ditch-water.
—Maine paper.

Tut! Tut!—Scrambled eggs taste better when varnished with parsley.

—New Hampshire paper.

Oh! Oh!—Corned beef and cabbage should be served with spoiled potatoes.
—Vermont paper.

Tut! Tut!—Spinach should be placed in a calendar before washing.

—Mass. paper.



Good Housekeeping and The Literary Digest

TOPICS OF THE DAY

AERICAN HOUSEKEEPERS are continually harassed by the food question.

"American housekeepers," says the New York *Tough Times*, "are continually harassed by the food question."

But—

"The solution is simple," opines the Newark (N.J.) *Average Citizen*. "Any housekeeper can solve the food problem by operating on a budget." And—"they can balance their budgets much easier," adds the Austin (Texas) *Honey Bee*, "than the palookas down in Washington can balance theirs."

So what?

"Commodity prices are rising," the Pittsburgh *Tie Press* warns us, "but it is still possible to prepare a meal for four persons at the low cost of \$1.36. This dinner would consist of onion soup with grated cheese, cold sliced lamb shoulder, baked potatoes, escalloped carrots in white sauce, bread and butter, and caramel junket."

A NOTE OF DISAGREEMENT is sounded by the Seattle *Revolving World*, which states that "no housekeeper of ours—if we could help it—would ever serve carrots with white sauce—or even carrots. It's high time our State Legislature legislated against them." Further—"You couldn't get us to eat junket, caramel or no caramel." This opinion is shared by the Boston *World's Record* and the Butte (Montana) *Hitching Post*, the latter pointing out that \$1.36 is "pretty steep" for a "meal" considering "today's" low food prices. It seems to the *Post* that "\$1.34 is sufficient."

Meanwhile the Middle West press has been aiding the housekeeper with recipes "designed to cut down the cost of living." In a dispatch from the Detroit *Bank Examiner*, for instance, we read:

"Liver and rice casserole consists of 2 slices bacon, 1 lb. beef liver, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. uncooked rice, 1 c. water, 2 c. canned tomato sauce, 1 tsp. granulated sugar."

THE DENVER *Local Express*, however, takes issue with the beef liver and proposes the substitution of 1 tbsp. butter,

while the Chicago *Innocent Bystander* suggests 6 eggs instead of the bacon.

And—

"Uncooked rice is tasteless," asserts the San Francisco *Bad News*, which is of the opinion that "2 tbsp. cornstarch would be more palatable." Concluding: "Why the beef liver? 1 tsp. Vanilla extract and 1 c. evaporated milk would certainly replace that and the canned tomato sauce."

Toward this the Eastern Press sounds a critical note, terming the "argument" "silly" and "fruitless." For example: "Our western contemporaries,"

the Egg Harbor (N.J.) *Wine Press*, "have not only confused the issue and the housekeepers, but they have changed the liver and rice casserole into butterscotch pudding."

Thus—

"It is evident," says the New Haven (Conn.) *Time-piece*, "that American housekeepers are continually harassed by the food question. Recipes and budgets are great stuff but nobody can make them work. We give up."

And—

"There seems to be no doubt," hazards the Happy (Philadelphia) *Union*, "that the Western Press is determined to make the whole subject about as tiresome as possible. As for us, we believe the most satisfactory solution to the food

problem is to eat out. It may cost three times as much but it's worth it. We're sick of leftovers and hash."



Copyright, 1933 by the New York *Tough Times*. Courtesy of the New York *Tough Times*.

What Next?

—Sinsibaugh in the New York "Tough Times."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

If your hair is oily, shampoo it once a week.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Clothes washed in Chipso wear much longer.—*Chipso Advertisement*.

One of the cleverest ways to renovate a dress is to change the neckline.—*Popular Science*.

A chimney that shows age may be repaired or renewed for relatively little.—*Women's Wear*.

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

"MY POCKETBOOK SAYS 'CHEVROLET' and so does my eye for beauty"



"Don't tell me this car is inexpensive. I've seen the same kind of upholstery on high-priced cars."

"Well, it has a Fisher body, you know. And neither Chevrolet nor Fisher ever skimps on quality."



"Weren't we smart to trade for a Chevrolet? Our expenses have dropped 'way down."

"And that's not all. I'm proud of it no matter where we go."

CHEVROLET certainly does have a wonderful way with the ladies! Have you noticed it, too? How feminine eyes so often linger long on Chevrolet's trim, sparkling style. How feminine hands take so naturally to Chevrolet's easy handling and control. And how simple it is for the daintiest toe to start a Chevrolet, with that new simplified Starterator. Then there's the matter of economy. Try to find the woman—or anyone, for that matter—who isn't interested in saving money, and therefore enthusiastic over the way Chevrolet does it: A first cost as little as \$445. An amazingly small appetite for fuel. The lowest upkeep cost of any car in its field . . . all of which brings us now to the thing men like most: Chevrolet's stamina! . . . Here, gentlemen, is America's sturdiest low-priced car. Here, ladies, is America's smartest. Here, everybody, is the most economical! CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

\$445 to \$565

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.



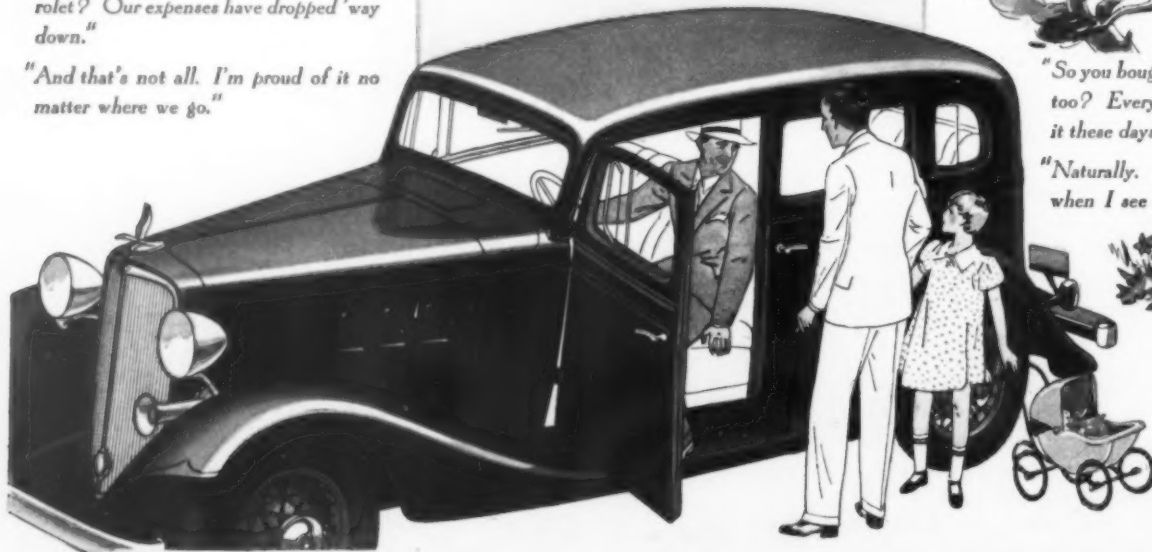
"Then we're agreed—we'll buy the Chevrolet?"

"Of course. I wouldn't think of having a car without Fisher No Draft Ventilation."



"So you bought a Chevrolet too? Everybody is doing it these days."

"Naturally. I know value when I see it."



SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

THE other day in a drug store I ran into Muriel Bean. She was looking awfully blue. "What's the matter, Muriel?" I asked her, "You look awfully blue."

"I always get blue in the summer," she replied, sagging sadly over a strawberry sundae. "And, golly, why not? I'm bumpy in a bathing suit, hippy in a riding habit, my arches are weak, and I'm a sucker for sunstroke. Good old summertime, ha! It may be good for somebody else, but it's terrible for me!"

Of course I gave her a pep talk and told her not to worry, but I understood just how she felt. Really, for the person who is not simply lousy with red corpuscles, summer is an awfully trying season. On every beach and tennis court and bridle path, gloriously healthy young animals are diving and leaping and galloping around. And hostesses, when inviting you out for a weekend at Woody Rest or Old Point Lookout, chortle gayly: "All you'll need is some sports clothes, dear!"

Will somebody please tell me why it is that the higher the thermometer rises the more athletic everybody gets? Gosh, I can just feel the calves of my legs swelling and the ultra violets eating into my skin! Nasty things!

Even though you are a physical wreck like Muriel, it is practically impossible to get through July and Aug. without going in for sports in some form or other. That is unless you want to give a good imitation of a leper. In order to be popular in the P.M., anybody on their vacation has got to leap and bound around like the rest in the A.M.

If summer were just made up of nights how much nicer it would be! The fact that the sun will rise has ruined many a vacation romance. Personally, after I have played two or three stiff sets of tennis under a broiling sun with some boy, I don't care if I never see him again. And you never feel the same

about the lad who thrilled you in the moonlight the night before, when he dives on your dome from the high board next day.

I was talking this over with the girls at the Bridge Club, and all agreed that it is very foolish for us women to wear ourselves out keeping up with the boys when you consider how hard it is to get a man serious during the summer months. One of the girls told about how she thought she was making a big hit with a boy in Bermuda because every time they went swimming he wrapped his arm around her neck. She was practically drowned every day for three weeks, and

then she found out it wasn't Romance at all—he'd merely been practising so's he could pass a Life Saving test!

But the worst case, I think, was the case of Penelope Brown who climbed Pike's Peak in French heels with a boy, and all he did was look at the view!

The most satisfactory vacation I personally ever spent was last year down at the shore. I was lucky enough to



"NOW I know why they call it Squash!"



"Bill, honey—if you don't quit caressing my sunburn I'm going to give you a slap on the jaw!"

meet up with a man who had just had an appendicitis operation. All he could do was sit, and I sat with him. It was grand!

HOWEVER, a break like that only comes once in a lifetime. And I'm afraid this summer is going to be about the toughest ever. Since Johnnie Weismuller and Buster Crabbe started this idea that a man who doesn't look like the King of the Jungle in a pair of shorts is no man, all the boys have been spending their spare time lifting weights and eating yeast.

There don't seem to be any bulgy muscles to show for it but the boys have hopes. Gosh, when I think of what we women are in for the next couple of months, I get tired all over!

Is there anybody in the house who wants a nice anaemic girl, but awfully restful?

Carrie the Cannibal

GOD! but I'm greedy!
I saw him last night.
But that doesn't satisfy
My appetite.

I want him to clamor,
I want him to 'phone.
I want to be sure
That he's strictly my own.

It's not that I love him,—
It's just that I feel
Relieved when he's riveted
Here at my heel.

—Margaret Fishback.



"And I came all the way down here to Bunk Beach just to be near him!"



VOL. 100

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2580

The Episode of the Banker and the Buzzards

By E. S. Martin

A LIST of people to whom Morgan's Bank made considerable loans was printed in the course of the inquiry in Washington and various newspapers and politicians not necessary to name rushed with headlines and loud exclamations that nobody who had so borrowed or been favored by opportunities to come into speculative adventures on the ground floor was fit or would be again for a responsible place in the public service. Norman Davis had had a loan sometime since and was nearly all paid up. He must be recalled! Mr. Woodin, before taking office as Secretary of the Treasury, had been on pleasant give and take terms with Morgan's, as were Mr. Baker, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Polk and various others—all should be dismissed and black-listed, said politicians and various papers, the Scripps-Howard papers among others.

What bosh! This idea of favoring one's friends is nothing new. What was to happen to the twelve apostles? Were not they to sit on twelve thrones judging the Tribes of Israel? Horrid favoritism! And the *World-Telegram* would, no doubt, feel it was contrary to public policy. The Morgan Bank inquiry added to knowledge on very interesting lines and added also to nonsense. One of the interesting details of it was Mr. Morgan's cheerful and amiable response to inquiries put to him. He really behaved like a person who was glad to be released from a forced retirement. Maybe his bank is out of date, maybe the system that was a part of it is passing, but if Morgan's is passing its sails are all set and its flags are all flying, and it has some cargo stowed. It is nobody's busted hulk.

It has been, does everybody realize it?, a great force for government such

as we have had in this country, and incidentally a considerable force for probity and high grade dealings. Now if it is going to pass away what is coming in place of it? Are no friends to be let in on the ground floor? Is nobody to borrow money at the bank without consent of Congress? Are there to be no rich people, no melons cut?



Perhaps so. Inequalities and distribution of money are rather more interesting and rather less harmful than at first appears. Money that goes into the hands of Morgan's and its associates when some new venture does well does not stay in those hands. It just goes through them and adds to the general purchasing power of the country, and when that happens the bulk of it goes to pay for labor. But, as said, when our present system passes what is to take the place of it? Shall the Senate govern us? Shall we have a succession of dictators? Shall we send a

crate of crowns to the Supreme Court and bid the nine Judges put them on? Or is it the clergy that is going to boss us? No: that has been tried. There is no present prospect of increased dominion of priesthood in this world. More religion? Let us hope so, lots more, but priestcraft and dominion by consecrated vessels? No: that has been fully tried out.

AN interesting hang-over from what is past in that line appears in the altercation in the Presbyterian Church about Mrs. Buck, lately missionary to China, who asked to be released from that service because of fault found by Presbyterian authorities about doctrine expressed in her writings. A block of the Presbyterian clergy speaking from Philadelphia found fault with the Presbytery because they allowed Mrs. Buck to resign instead

of dismissing her. The laymen are preponderantly for her and for that matter so are the Presbyterian clergy, but it is a funny dispute about doctrine. The Christian religion is not based on doctrine, it is based on a life. Its Founder left no written word. He spoke freely and the memory of what He said was committed to writing. His teachings to individuals were handed down by those He taught. In that there are possibilities of error though the general sense of His teachings seems clear enough, but as the basis of the Christian religion was its Founder's life, so the basis of complaints of any practice or teaching of it also should be the life that results from such teaching. If Mrs. Buck is a bad lot and her teaching makes the Chinese worse she ought to be fired, but if the contrary is true

it was a pity that she resigned.

Nearly all the Presbyterian laity and most of the clergy think the contrary is true and the theologians who find fault base their complaint on letters of doctrine as defined and recorded by the Presbyterian founders centuries ago.

KIDNAPPING is being run into the ground. Every case in which the criminals get away with the money impairs the safety of human life. The country seems to need the reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes.



Following prolonged controversy Diego Rivera revises his Rockefeller Center murals.

Senator Huey Long becomes Gandhi disciple. Reserves day each week for silence and meditation and starts ninety-day fast on Capitol steps as passive protest against sales tax, cancellation of foreign debts, newsreel announcers and payment of deposit on beer bottles.



In accordance with pledges in peace pact signed at 13,548th semi-fortnightly International Arms Limitation Parley, leading world powers carry out drastic disarmament program by removing swords from all public military monuments.

Our Own Newsreel

FAR BE IT

FAR be it from me to speak slightly of modern poetry but—I can't believe that twin water tanks look like a woman's breasts, that clouds are towels for a mountain's hangover, or that the clear horizon of an April day is like a line of poetry crushed wide and thin between the immensities of earth and sky.

Though Vermont August be passionate, perfection, luxuriant, provocative and seductive, it is not like a woman with many children who is willing to bear more; the sun does not pour golden ale; there are no women who love the bold ridges of a mountain, where chill space talks to itself, more than floors scrubbed and china on a shelf.

Nor do mountains stand around and weep, or trees sob, or any woman's breasts look like star white pigeons nestling for the night beneath the bough of ivory that is her throat. The morning milk is not brought by jackals, spring does not slip through the rain and call "O Come Love Me Again," the wind does not go to pasture lonely ambling like a cow, and snow is not chilled sawdust from a huge slit sack.

The blushes of the sunset are not any sweetheart's cheeks any more than the purple shades of evening are her hair; the white moon does not gallop from cloud to cloud; a ladder is not the binding limb that joins our earth and sky; and the sun is not a child who disappears over the hills with her skirts flying after. The moon does not look

like a bowl of milk to a pussy cat, Napoleon does not stand upon a star and train god's lightning on a distant star, and, granted that they would break

the hearts of gods, a lady's tears are not lances and though her eyes be big they are not wide open doors through which she peeps.

The sea does not come on the shore to embrace an adored rock, the moon is not a silver button torn from off an angel's waist, nor is it the heart of a daisy whose white petals have been pulled from it by the curious fingers of lovers. And even if she puts the sleepy stars to bed she does not kiss each shiny weary head.

Only a nut would caress the buttercups wondering if his love was hiding there, or wish he were a field of golden grain that rises giving bread to man, or want to be a wending river when he dies, the while his sweetheart is a tender sky.

—José Schorr.

Then there was the nonchalant pyromaniac who walked into an art gallery and lighted a mural.

We don't play golf so often at our club but just the same we're considered a golf fiend by members of the greens committee.



"Now be a good boy, Cuthbert, and play in the nice sand."



"Mayor O'Brien would have to speak here and ruin all I've taught the class about grammar!"



“Her ears turned red
when the light turned green”

She just couldn't get away with the traffic.

You see, her car wasn't a new Pontiac Straight Eight.



Pontiac—the Economy Straight Eight—a General Motors Value—is priced at only \$585 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac. Easy G.M.A.C. terms. Bodies by Fisher with Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Visit the General Motors Building, Century of Progress, Chicago, June 1 to Nov. 1.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

Something About the Sun



NEW YORK may be an ideal summer resort (as the papers frequently proclaim) but we think Irvin Cobb had the right idea when he said over the radio recently that there's a typographical error in "summer resort." It should be, he said, "simmer resort."

Which is a preamble to the subject at hand—

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund.

From the confines of New York's tenement districts children escape to the street as less stifling—then they beg to escape from the streets because there they meet with all the disadvantages of the sun.

The sun is a malicious torment in the city. It causes an inevitable restless milling of the tenement dwellers from the sun-baked roofs to crowded, airless streets; and on to a bit of space called a park, but jammed with listless and enervated forms.

But that same sun exhilarates and revitalizes the boys and girls who are sent—through your generosity—to LIFE's Fresh Air Camps. It's a different world for them: a world that we know and appreciate but one that thousands of tenement children only

dream wistfully about. The country . . . swimming . . . cool nights under the stars . . . good food and plenty of it . . . the right kind of supervision . . . simple comforts that mean Paradise for the youngsters.

CHILDREN of the tenements have always survived unbelievable hardships, but social workers tell us that this year has caused untold suffering in body and mind; that the depression has caused a new "low" in whole families, as well as in isolated individuals who have been denied their share of necessities.

Children can't grow and develop when food is insufficient; their interests can't be normal when their fathers and mothers, cramped in stuffy rooms with them, carry over the feeling of despair.

Let's hope that the pendulum of the New Deal will soon complete its upswing and that next year will usher in the beginning of a Better Deal for tenement dwellers. Meantime we have a few plain facts to face—and one of them is the LIFE's Fresh Air Camps *must be kept going!*

This year, more than ever before, LIFE must bend every effort to send a maximum number of children to these camps. We have whittled the budgets

to a minimum, in order to take care of this maximum, but upon you, after all, depends our success. Your dollars will go further, will do more good this year; and we hope, secretly and publicly, that you, in spite of reduced incomes and the many drains upon your resources, will send a contribution so that our camps—which are really YOUR camps—will be able successfully to complete the most critical year in their 45-year record.

We could wish you no greater vacation happiness than that which \$15.00 would bring to some despairing youngster from a broiling New York tenement.

Will you help? Please. . .

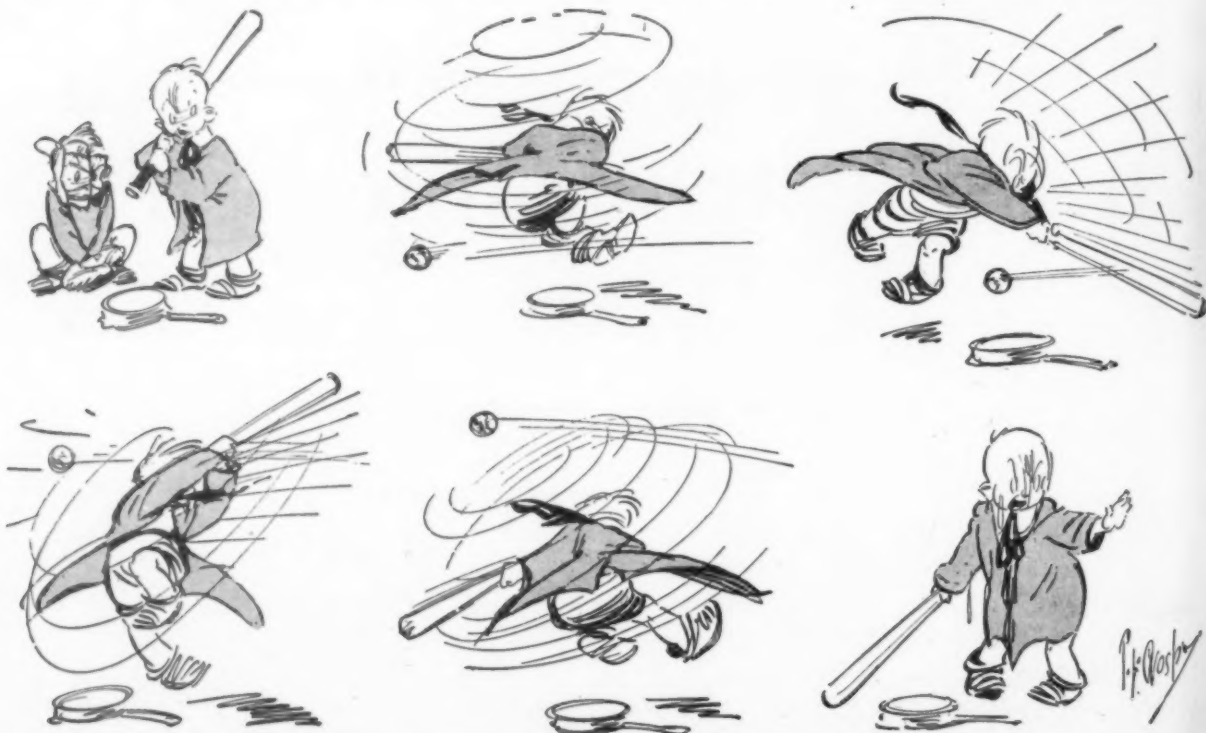
Make your check payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund and mail it—today—to 60 E. 42nd St., New York City.

For Your Information

LIFE's Fresh Air Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 45 years, in which time it has expended almost \$650,000.00, providing more than 56,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged in LIFE later on, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given. Acknowledgments for 1933 will begin in the August issue of LIFE.



SKIPPY: C'mon, show us somethin'; I can't wait all day.

the country thunders with talk . . . about



RECOVERY: What is the President doing? What does Labor want? How is Industry cooperating?

REVOLUTION: Is this what "disciplined democracy" means?

INFLATION: What are the economic consequences of it? What does inflation mean to *you*?

FARM BILL: What is it designed to accomplish? Are the farmers satisfied or rebellious? Is the bill too late?

NEW DEAL ABROAD: What does it mean in terms of tariffs, world trade, war debts?

"BRAIN TRUST": Who are the President's advisers?

BEER: How much kick in and about Three Point Two?

A group of news photographs which appeared in recent issues of News-Week

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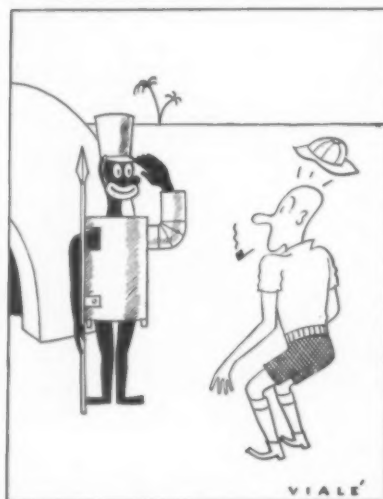
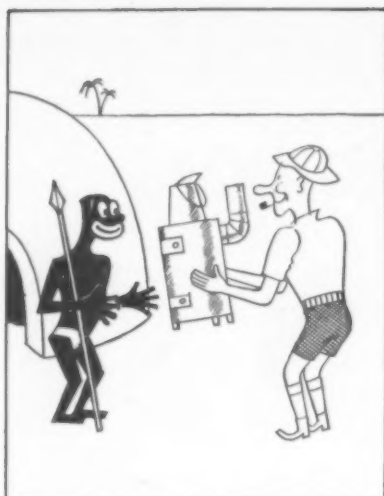
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31



Lines on Retrieving a Dress from the Cleaners

I thank you kindly, gentlemen.
There's just a half a buckle gone
This time. The hem's out too, but then
I'm very glad the hooks are on.
And you have spared the scarf as well!
O Brobdingnagian restraint!
If this continues you'll dispell
All grounds for logical complaint.
—Margaret Fishback.

FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 4

By John C. Emery

♠ A-K-6-5-2	♠ 8-7
♥ 0	♥ Q-J-8-6-4-2
♣ A-Q-J-3	♣ 10-7-4-2
♦ A-K-9-6	♦ 2
♠ Q-10-4-3	♠ J-9
♥ 0	♥ A-K-10-9-7-5-3
♣ K	♣ 9-8-6-5
♦ Q-J-10-8-7-5-4-3	♦ 0

EVEN bad habits have their virtues. As a case in point, consider this month's most fascinating bridge hand, submitted by Mrs. George Y., of Yonkers, N. Y., who witnessed the playing of the hand from the vantage point of the North position. Playing South was her husband. Mrs. Y. still insists that he is a feather-headed old fool, but she admits that in this instance his aversion to drawing out trumps was what saved the day.

THE BIDDING

West Starts the Bidding

2 Spades
6 Diamonds
7 Clubs
Oh, well, pass!
Pass

Pass
Whe-ew! Pass
Pass
Pass
Pass

Pass
Pass
Pass
Double
Okay

5 Hearts
6 Hearts
7 Hearts
Redouble

The bidding, though tinged with optimism, requires little discussion. South's jump to a slam invitation in hearts, after his partner's forcing opener of two spades, was bold, to be sure, but there are all kinds of people in the world and South is one of them. East's double of the slam bid in hearts is open to no criticism. With six hearts to the queen-jack, he had reason to expect to take a trick or two. South's re-double was in character.

West led the queen of diamonds, and South—whose notion of the proper way to play a hand is to ruff early and often—played low from the dummy and trumped with his heart try to take the trick. Now, the normal thing for South to have done would have been to try a round of trumps. But

South never thinks to lead out trumps, and he went about the playing of the hand in his own reckless way—which happened also to be the only way. Leading the nine of spades from his own hand, he took the trick in dummy with the ace after West laid on the ten. The king of diamonds was then led, East trumping with the heart deuce and South winning with the heart five. West covered South's next lead—the jack of spades—with the queen, but dummy's king took the trick.

His little spades established, South led the six from dummy, covering East's four of trumps with his seven. Now South led a small club, West's king falling and dummy taking the trick with the ace. Again a good spade was led from dummy, again East trumped, and again South trumped higher, while East gnashed his teeth in futile rage. On a club led from his hand, South took the next trick in dummy with the queen, following this with another spade lead which East trumped with the eight of hearts and South over-trumped with the ten. The others were chewing their finger nails, and South alone was cool. To him, it was an ordinary hand played in the ordinary way.

AT this point, it occurred to South that it might be well for him to draw the trumps adversely held. He did so, leading his ace and king of hearts, and East's queen and jack fell ignominiously. Then, leading his eight of clubs, he took the next to the last trick in dummy with the club jack, and the last one with the ace of diamonds.

"What I can't see," remarked South, as he shuffled the cards, "is what you had to double me on, East. Why, all you had was a queen and a jack. The hand was almost a laydown!"



JUST GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE

Many a General spare tire is never put to service during the single ownership of a car—they just go along for the ride. It is this year round freedom from tire worry that has spoiled General Tire users for any other tire. But more important is the factor of safety at today's high speeds. Generals are blowout proof and skid-safe and the exclusive low pressure feature makes comfort a luxurious reality. All of these advantages cost so little when you total up General's almost unheard of big mileage. The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

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GENERAL
DUAL BALLOON

—goes a long way to make friends

80% MORE NON-SKID . . . 40% LESS AIR . . . BLOWOUT PROOF

THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSED!

By Jefferson Machamer

I WRITE of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition, although I haven't seen it and do not intend seeing it. (I once wrote about going to Africa to shoot Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, which I didn't do either!)

But—a few Sundays back I was lounging on Neysa McMein's hinterland terrace listening to Noel Coward and Alexander Woollcott play backgammon. Now'n'then Noel would bend to me and say, "Another highball, chap!" And now'n'then Alexander would yell to me and say, "Another iced tea, chap!" While I rested between errands—I run errands only for people who amount to something—I would look up through the twilit tree-tops and muse that I'd like to die at such an hour on a June afternoon. Or I would look at the Sunday papers. The *Times*, for instance. In the roto section of that comic stripless, Broadway columnless armful I saw pictures of Century of Progress Exposition buildings. At which point my lazy musing assumed seething symmetry—deep-bitten and bubbly. *Century of Progress*, indeed! (I recall that I ran to Neysa's pantry and came back with Fig Newtons and ginger ale—great for mental mincing!)

Where, I'd like to know, did Chicago get the idea that one hundred years of progress ends in an aluminum spangle of ugly modernism? (I might as well

say right here that the editors of *LIFE* are not responsible for my opinions—I think 'em up myself!) I wish I could explain what I mean—why I'm mad'n' all that. But I can't—my idea of World's Fairs is pretty big and certainly I'm not going to confuse myself. But the modernistic man-handling gets my goat!

No World's Fair would be complete without a Pygmy Village and imagine a modernistic Pygmy Village. To get an idea of how funny a modernistic Pygmy Village would be, try picturing the Empire State Building rebuilt as an Indiana



We had to put overflow cows in the same building with art!



To get an idea how funny a modernistic pigmy village would be, try picturing the Empire State Building rebuilt as an Indiana bungalow.

bungalow! (Have a Fig Newton?)

One of the pictures which upset me was the approach of the Federal Building, showing the triangular towers, 150 feet high, all silvery at the top. It made me sick—homesick—homesick for my old Nebraska home and the grain silos in the C. B. & Q. yards. (They burned down one winter's night—thirty below zero it was—and I wore father's overcoat to the fire and what a whaling I got when the fire was over. Father didn't have another overcoat and couldn't go to the fire and it was four years before the next big one!!)

My father, by the

way, was Secretary of the Hamilton County, Nebraska, Fair Association. (I got passes to everything!) It was one of the ranking Fairs of the State—why, one year alone, two cows, a horse and a blue boar sow took firsts at the State Fair, Lincoln. That gives you an idea! ('Nother Newton?)

I got to know pretty much all there is to know about running a Fair. I could take a merry-go-round apart and put it together again. Speedy, the World Famous High Diver—one hundred feet into an eight foot tank—was a buddy of mine. (He missed the tank just once in Colorado and our friendship ended.)

Now—suppose Speedy's ladder had been modernistic! He wouldn't have known where he was climbing to. Silly!

AND when I look at the Century of Progress Administration Building and, at the same time, think of the Hamilton County Fair Administration Building—hm-m-m—no comparison. We, my father and I and some farmers, had to throw things sort of together one year—too many exhibits. The live stock exhibitors came through to a man and we had to put overflow cows in the same building with art. (I exhibited my first drawing there and won a blue. It was a sketch of Governor Hughes of New York—mostly his beard.)

We had a Transportation Building, too. There was nothing like that crack train, The Flying Scot, but there were some snappy threshing machines and the first Reo with a door in the back.

And—has The Century of Progress Exposition a thrill comparable to the lightning rod exhibit at the Hamilton County Fair? Yeah? (Fig Newtons to you!!) This lightning rod exhibit was a wow! It consisted of a miniature farmyard—house, barn and corn-cribs—built, not modernistically, in tin. The demonstrator would douse the whole with gasoline and then shoot toy lightning at the little buildings and the whole thing would blaze like ever'thing! Then the man would smother the flames, put little lightning rods in place and shoot toy lightning at it again and ever'thing would be all right and even my father bought lightning rods for our house and barn right smack in town. (Got'nything like



Hadda eat 'em fast—always a hole in the little end—and the Fair was in August!

that, Chicago?)
And, Chicago, I suppose you're selling ice cream cones, probably modernistic, which are made right under the eyes of your customers? The heck you are! The Hamilton County Fair Concessionaires rolled up regular hot crispy waffles and banged homemade vanilla into the cone—hadda eat 'em fast—always a hole in the little end and the Fair was in August. (My mother accoutered me in white, prickly linen suits and the dust and ice cream drippings mixed what-ho!)

Are you fed up, Chicago?

And I suppose you think Ben Bernie is the last word in Century of Progress Masters of Ceremony, Chicago? Not-tatall! The Hamilton County Fair Association had June Klumb. June was the Sheriff of Hamilton County. (Most always on my trail about something. That time I messed up the freshly painted Sherwin-Williams Paint sign on the Ball Park fence! There was a big, red sun in the background and I made it cross-eyed with some black I fingered off the black letters!) June saw that no bicycles were stolen and that horses didn't stand all day with bit in mouth! June, a big fella, used to swank around the grounds with his badge, sputtering, and threaten me with a month on bread'n'water in the calaboose if I didn't quit loosening the guy-ropes of the Methodists Ladies' Aid Society Comfort Tent.

Ho Hum, Chicago!!

I SAW that a third of a million people visited your Fair the first two days! Not bad, as crowds go. But we had two thousand *persons* on our opening days. Everybody knew everybody. How 'bout *that*, Chicago?

Suppose you have a merry-go-round, modernistic, at your Century of Progress Exposition? I'll betcha, though, it wasn't Dan Carr's Carousel! One day Millie Stanovski stood too near the cable which ran between the Carousel engine and the Carousel and one of her eight or ten petticoats got caught in the cable and away went Millie right under the Carousel. The engineer threw his whole weight onto



THE MULTIPLICATION OF YOU



A NEIGHBOR, passing by, glances through your window and sees you in the living-room. But you are around the corner on Main Street, ordering from the druggist. You are in a nearby town, chatting with a friend. You are in a distant city, delivering a message of cheer and reassurance. You are across a continent, or an ocean, talking clearly and easily. . . . Your neighbor, returning, glances in again. You are still in your living-room.

Your telephone is you. In a moment it multiplies and projects your personality to many different places and many different people, near or

far. Part of your very self is in every telephone message—your thoughts, your voice, your smile, your words, the manner that is you.

All you see is the familiar telephone instrument. Back of it are hundreds of thousands of trained employees, attending almost endless stretches of wire—so that you may call, easily and quickly, any one of more than sixteen million telephones in this country and an additional thirteen million in other lands.

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System Exhibit in the Communication Building, Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



the stop lever and saved Millie's life. It was thrilling—including when Millie was pulled from under the Carousel with only half a petticoat left out of a possible ten. It was the first grown-up leg I ever saw. Millie married the engineer and travelled from County Fair to County Fair—wotta swell lucky life, I thought at the time!

Don't let your Century of Progress thing go to your head, Chicago! Nibble a Newton and think!

I'm going to Hollywood soon—and passing through Chicago I'll have about three hours between trains. Sorry, but I've promised Joseph Santley to drop in and see him in "Gay Divorce". But after leaving Chicago I'll probably visit with folks on the train who've been to your Fair and maybe I'll get a pretty good idea of it thataway!

I'm going to spend *three days* at the Hamilton County Fair in Nebraska, Chicago.



THE COLLEGE PARADE



PANHANDLER: Say, buddy, could you spare a buck for coffee?

Gent: A dollar for coffee? Preposterous!!

Panhandler: Just tell me yes or no—but don't try to tell me how to run my business!
—Puppet.

Maid: I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she is not at home.

Caller: Oh, that's all right, just tell her that I'm glad I didn't come.
—Log.

"Have you got your notes written on your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And have you the textbook concealed in your hat?"

"Yes."

"And did you make arrangements to sit behind Fred where you could see his paper?"

"Yes."

"All right—let's go on to the ethics final."
—Juggler.

Drunk finally finds the key-hole and stamps into the house, where he stumbles around looking for lights. Wife pipes up: "That you Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me."
—Log.

During History class the teacher asked: "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a student promptly.

"Correct! What happened in 1487?"

After a long pause: "Luther was four years old."
—Log.

"A coach is a fellow who is always willing to lay down your life for his school."
—Longhorn.

Skeptical Lady: Can you wear this coat out in the rain without hurting it?

Fur Salesman: Madam, did you ever see a raccoon carrying an umbrella?
—New Goblin.

"Hula hula dancers have an easy time of it."

"Why?"

"Oh, all they have to do is sit around and twiddle their tums."
—Green Goat.

Prof. (after a very bad recitation): Class is dismissed; don't flap your ears as you go out.
—Bean Pot.

The wife was working out a crossword puzzle. Suddenly she turned to her husband and asked:

"What is a female sheep?"

"Ewe," he replied.

And that started the unpleasantness that spoiled the whole evening.
—Burr.



The Yale crew, according to the coach.

—Yale Record.

Do you talk a good game?



POST MORTEM OF THE GAME—EVEN FOR THE GREATEST OF THEM

AS a comedian once said, "Golf is just another hoof and mouth disease—you hoof around all day after a ball, and mouth about it all the next day."

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EDITORS: GRANTLAND RICE • GLENNA COLLETT VARE • INNIS BROWN • "BOBBY" JONES

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GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold

Mostly Revivals and Revisits



THIS is the time of year when the theatres ought to remove their straight-back seats and put in rocking chairs. I wonder if it is still possible to buy that white chewing gum that used to come in long, round sticks. I wish I had some.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

I must have seen *Uncle Tom's Cabin* twenty times when I was a boy, back in Bloomfield, Indiana. F. P. A. and lots of other people hadn't ever seen it until this Spring. I don't believe I would speak to a person who hadn't seen *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at least ten times . . . not if I knew it about him. Such a person just had no boyhood, that's all.

But I was exceptionally crazy about the theatre as a boy. (I've taken *The Billboard* since I was seven years old.) The best show I ever saw was *Bird's Christmas Carol* in Hendren's hay loft. And I passed out programs for Mr. Moss in his upstairs opera house, where played *The Royal Slave*, *Uncle Josh Spruceby* and other middle-west classics.

I haven't seen *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for many years, and I remembered it as pretty awful. You do too, no doubt. And the versions we saw probably were.

As played . . . quietly and capably and "straight" . . . by Otis Skinner and other luminaries of The Players in their annual revival, this year, it reveals itself as fundamentally a really great thing, and it is now easier to see why it should have lasted for 80 years, in spite of all the hamhandling it has had. There are genuine heart yanks in the rending of slave families apart, in the affection of the little white girl for her sweet old negro slave (the moderns would probably find something Freudian in that), and in many other situations arising out of slavery. There are starts of a dozen good plays in this old what-not; a 1933 playwright could do a whole show on the contrast between Uncle Tom's simple childlike religion and St. Clare's bewildered agnosticism.

Uncle Tom is a sort of *table d'hôte* affair like *Dinner at Eight* except that it deals with problems of national im-

port like *Both Your Houses*, except that it isn't negroes who are sold down the river in *Both Your Houses*; it's us poh slavin' taxpayers. Rewrite that.

I've always wondered just what ailed Little Eva . . . pernicious anemia, or just what. She just sorta seemed to want to die off, and showed no symptoms other than a reluctance to romp and a tendency to sit around and discuss the hereafter. (Still, even quite normal children have considerable interest in What's Coming. Recently, Hildegard wondered if our whole family couldn't all be buried in the Hartsdale Dog Cemetery, along with our dog "Sugar".



Little Eva showed no symptoms other than a tendency to talk too much about the hereafter.

Well, after the dog's life I've lived. . . .)

Speaking of dogs, the hounds in The Players' *Tom* (being guest artists and not members of The Players) did not quite catch the spirit of The Players' revival, and were inclined to kid the show a little. I think they may be said to have played it with their tongues in their cheeks. At first they wanted to run away from Eliza instead of after her and finally they had Eliza chasing them. (There may have been a little abolition blood in this particular set of bloodhounds.)

I WOULD like to have a skinfull of Gilbert and Sullivan all the time. I can imagine nothing more pacifying. Next to trained seals, the most cultivated persons in the world must be the members of Mr. Aborn's opera company

who know all the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces by heart. They must purr inside continuously.

Some beneficent millionaire should endow a perpetual and continuous Aborn Gilbert and Sullivan performance (11 a. m. to 11 p. m. daily, year in and year out). I'd like to drop in many times through the year for worship and for re-tuning of my innards. As I plow to press with this, the Aborn season has ended, but there is talk of its resumption, and I hope that by now, the Aborn services are again open to a devout public.

Nobody will ever kid Gilbert and Sullivan shows; they are self-kidding; the kidding is written right into them, as it is into almost anything that George Kaufman writes or helps write . . . such as *Of Thee I Sing*.

I WENT back to see *Of Thee I Sing* again the other afternoon, and had a dandy time. I hope somebody revives it every year until I am ninety, along with *Uncle Tom* and Gilbert and Sullivan.

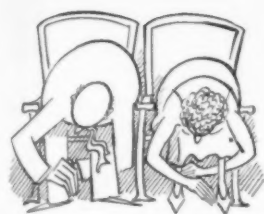
"We appeal to your hearts, not to your intelligence," says one of the orators to an audience at a political rally in this piece. Well, why not? We elected Roosevelt on his newsreel smile (I coulda choked him before March 4) and I think we did real well.

I must mention one technical error in *Of Thee I Sing*. I'm speaking now as an experienced father. Babies are not wheeled around sitting up in bed with their mothers, five minutes after they are born. In the case of singles, it is usually two weeks before the parents are allowed even a peek at their offspring, and in the case of twins it must be at least a month before the parents are even informed. Especially in Washington, D. C., where there is so much red tape.

I heartily approve of one highly constructive suggestion in this otherwise destructive opus, and that is: tambourines in the senate. And why not, also, rattle-bones for the party leaders?



Eliza pursuing the bloodhounds in The Players' production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



Among theatrical reforms I'd like to propose is suede programs which won't slip off the lap.

strip of abdomen exposed, just wide enough for a hot water bottle.

...

IF you like a wagon-load of Frank Fay, you'll like *Tattle Tales*, because that is what *Tattle Tales* is, and not much else. Barbara Stanwyck (Mrs. Fay) does a couple of hair-teary scenes from (and by permission of) Columbia Pictures (the boys who were too poor in boom times to try to buy up all the opera houses in the United States and who therefore might now be called the Columbia Sitty-Pretty-Pictures Co.) and she acts as Mr. Fay's stooge once or twice (and a very charming stooge she is) (the show opened on a Thursday and I left on Friday and it was still going) (I'd better put my main text in parentheses and leave my parenthetical remarks out in the open) (I think the parentheses of life are better than life itself, don't you) and it has a dancer who is the only man I've ever seen who can whirl around with a lady on his shoulders and his hands in his pockets. And also a fellow who can jump through a rope, and three other funny fellows. But God help you if you don't like Mr. Fay and his Broadway bright cracks, as I happen to.

...

WHEN I started to \$25 an Hour, I kissed the family goodbye and said I would be back in about \$12.50.

I must have been toxic or something that evening, for I rather liked the darned thing. In spite of the fact that it was about musicians and that it had such lines as "Rid-iculous! Mon Dieu, you make me seek!"

And in spite of the fact that a lot of things made me mad before the curtain rose. The curtain was scheduled for 8.40 and did not go up until 9.05. My seat in row G was in the tenth row, which means that there were three phony rows in front. (That kind of cheating went out twenty years ago in other businesses.) And they call the Masque Theatre *Theatre Masque*.

And I'm crazy about those costumes the girls wear towards the end of the first act, with a



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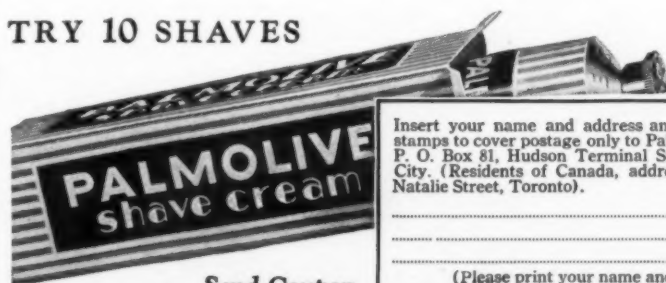
60 seconds each hair absorbs 15% of water. Wiry hairs turn soft like wax.

3. *Lasts 10 minutes on the face*—lather does not dry out—no re-lathering—no sore, irritated faces.
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Those are the facts that win 86 men out of every 100 who accept this offer. Write your name and address in the coupon. A week from now you'll thank us if you do. Please mail today.

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Insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps to cover postage only to Palmolive, Dept. 233, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada, address: Dept. 233, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto).

(Please print your name and address)

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners

 **DEAR PROF:** Has any one ever been located through a newspaper "Personal" such as: "Walter: Come home. All is forgiven. Minnie."?—Mrs. H. L. Bronson, Box 65, Bayhead, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Bronson: The only case on record dates back to 1928 and involves a Mr. Edward Burch of East Haven, Conn. Mr. Burch for years had been annoyed by domestic irritations which included (a) guests who said goodbye at 11 p.m. and hung around the front door until after midnight, (b) laundries that buttoned every button on his clean shirts, (c) wire coat hangers that had been bent out of shape to fit his wife's dresses, (d) house flies on the inside of the screen door that wanted to get out, and flies on the outside that wanted to get in, and (e) radio announcers who talked about "reasonably-exact facsimiles." It was the last that finally got him. On July 18, 1928, Mr. Burch took a supply of groceries down to the cellar and, unbeknownst to his wife, set up house-

keeping in the furnace room. Two days later, Mrs. Burch, having received no satisfaction from the police department, inserted the following ad in the local papers: "Edward: Come home. I promise never again to clean your pipe with soap and water. Sue." Sometime during the following week Mr. Burch stumbled over the cast-off papers while prowling around the cellar, read the ad, and went upstairs for dinner. "I ran out of beans," was all he said to his wife.

Dear Prof: Has anyone ever poured cream on a baked apple without first filling up the hole left by the core?—Nancy Compton, 1420 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Nancy: You are the first of a number of Queerrespondents with this question. There is nothing in the files indicating that any human being has ever resisted the impulse to fill the hole in the apple first, but a man named Ray Lamb* of Harrison, Me., invented a device to aid baked apple addicts.

*Mr. Lamb is the only man who does not squash his mashed potatoes with a fork before pouring on gravy.



Don Herold's solution to the Sunday paper problem.

The apparatus consists of a small wooden plug and a thin, circular rubber disc. The plug fits snugly into the hole while the cream is poured on, and the disc, placed under the apple, prevents the cream from seeping through and filling the hole from the bottom. Care must be taken lest the apple eater consume the rubber disc.

Dear Prof: Have you ever heard of an office chair that didn't squeak, even after it had been oiled in every conceivable place?—E. M. Bishop, 3 Hazlewood Road, Bloomfield, N. J.

Dear Bishop: No. The saddest case was that of "Joe," an office worker in Indianapolis, whose squeaky chair so got on his nerves that he nearly lost his job through inefficiency. In desperation, he took the chair to a car foundry, boiled it in oil for 24 hours, coated it with axle grease, and insulated all metal contacting points with rubber—but in vain. Finally, by means of a seismograph and a stethoscope, the squeaks were traced to one of the legs, which was promptly sawed off. Thereafter, however, the chair kept toppling over, and on one occasion Joe almost fractured his skull in a nasty fall. An associate, upon helping him to his feet, remarked: "That was a close squeak, Joe," and the poor fellow, at the very mention of the word, went completely berserk.

DEAR PROF: Has anyone ever used a Bridge Score pad (presented as an advertisement by a window cleaning, garbage, insurance, or storage company) for anything other than a scratch pad?—Bill Atwood, 925 Park Ave., New York City.

Dear Bill: Here are some facts. On June 2, last, two couples got together in Brooklyn for an evening of bridge. No score pad being handy, the hostess kept score on the back of an envelope, and upon completion of three rubbers of bridge she looked inside the envelope and discovered a score pad that had been sent with the compliments of the Eureka Rug and Glove Cleaning House. The players kept the score of two additional rubbers on the pad and then mailed it, with a short note of thanks, back to the company. Officials there were so delighted that they framed the pad and hung it in the front office, but no office visitor to date has been found who doesn't think the whole thing is fake.

Dear Prof: Is it against the ethics

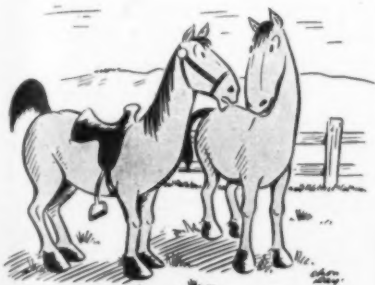
of the medical profession for an M.D. to have the current issue of a magazine in his waiting room?—Elmer H. Mayer, 6814 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Elmer: It is not exactly unethical but there seems to be an unwritten law among medics that periodicals should be aged before using. In all probability the idea is the outcome of a custom, instituted many years ago by a Detroit dentist, of leaving two-year-old magazines in his waiting room so that patients who became interested in a serial would be compelled to make a return visit to read ensuing installments—back issues of the magazine being virtually unavailable. This explanation should be of particular interest to patients who pick up this issue of LIFE in doctors' offices from 1935 onward. Moral: Never start a serial unless you know where the next installment is coming from.

Consolation Paragraph

Horrible mention this month goes to James H. Hanford of Syracuse, N. Y., who wants to know if any departing hotel guest, upon seeing the sign, "Stop! Have you left anything?", ever gave the hotel a break by leaving a couple of towels. . . . And to Inez J. Axe who writes from Tucson, Arizona, to ask if a surgeon ever cut a patient in two just to see how the other half lives.

BE a Queerespondent. This department will pay \$5 each for questions accepted for answer. \$1 will be paid for each question printed in the Consolation Paragraph. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City.



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THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



FOR months at a stretch I go about my job gay, contented, humming a snatch of some half-forgotten tune as I pan hell out of the movies. And then, suddenly it happens. A paragraph appears in *Variety*—"New Janet Gaynor vehicle selected" (for Janet it's always a vehicle) and my complex returns. When this happened in the past I was subject to a light rash, nervous twitches, spots before the eyes, and loss of memory, but since taking two bottles of your—(There! You see? Even now I'm not myself). So when I received the announcement of "Adorable," I said to myself, "I'm going to overcome this 'thing.' Why can't I be like the boys I know? I don't want to be . . . 'different' . . . I don't, I don't!" And I said the second "don't," to myself, of course a bit louder than the first, which will give you some idea.

I mean to say I do, oh, so want to like Janet Gaynor. Hasn't she won popularity contests? Wasn't she elected "Queen Of The Movies," by the readers of the *New York Daily Mirror*?

So a week before "Adorable" opened in New York I started training. First I read two volumes of Edgar Guest poems. Then I took up, in turn, *Cinderella*, *Winnie The Pooh*, *Graustark*, and *Beverly of Graustark*. But it was a hopeless effort to create a false emotion. As hopeless as the chorus girl who tried to blush at the risqué story. The spirit was willing, but the flush was weak.

So it comes to this. "Adorable" is another handsomely produced Janet Gaynor romance. She is a Princess (yes, again) and incognito she meets a strong, lovely officer of the Royal Guard, and she loves this husky guard damn well, but she is a Princess (I know I said it before), so she has to be cute and not tell until the king,

who turns out to be her kid brother, aged eight, says, "I believe you two are caring for each other," to which she replies, "Yeth, thire, but I'm a Prin-thess." And he says, "So what?" and with that he makes the guard a Prince, imagine, and that brings the picture to an end, thank God if you're asking me.

Some day I am going to meet Miss Gaynor, and I'll probably fall in love with her. It'll serve me right. I've got a lot of ground to make up.

Oh yes. And there's a theme song called, guess what? "Adorable." It's a waltz, and very nice. In case you forget the tune, just think of "I'll Take An Option On You"—in waltz time.

(And one other thing. Will the producers kindly explain why all the privates in the Royal Guard recognize the Princess on sight, but the lieutenant



"I got caught in the rain last week!"

doesn't know her from Adam? So you won't talk, eh!)

...

MANY movie mistakes are understandable, but I can never comprehend why a producer will aim a picture at a certain audience, and then deliberately do things to insult that crowd's intelligence.

"Elmer The Great" is a baseball picture. Even a supervisor might know that. So it is reasonable to suppose that Warner Brothers expect baseball fans to see it. The climax of the film is the big game. Not a bush-league contest, mind you, but the deciding battle in a World's Series between the Cubs and Yankees, played on a big-league dia-

mond, with nothing spared to create convincing atmosphere.

With the bases loaded the announcer says, "Three men on, folks. A two-bagger means two runs."

With three on, folks, a single means two runs—which even a radio announcer should know. A double will usually empty the sacks (unless Shanty Hogan happens to be on first, which couldn't have happened in this case because Shanty is with the Boston Braves).

During the game it rains so hard a pool of water forms near second base . . . a pool so deep that the Cub's second-baseman, Elmer (Joe E. Brown), loses the ball in the puddle while the runners chase each other around the bases. Umpires are often criticised for their eyesight, but they usually recognize a cloudburst when they see one, and call the game.

In the last inning it is raining so hard, and is so dark that the Yankees pull a hidden ball trick. The catcher keeps the ball. The pitcher pretends to throw it. The catcher slaps the ball in his mitt over the plate . . . and the umpire yells, "Strike!" They do this twice. So I repeat about umpires. I never saw one so blind he thought nothing looked like a strike.

Otherwise Mr. Brown is fairly entertaining in his broad interpretation of this famous Ring Lardner character. But Joe used to be a professional ball player—in a Class A league—which makes the silly stuff even more of a mystery.

(Warning to Warners: You'd better not show this picture in my home town of St. Augustine, Florida, or Fred Francis, Slappy Colee, and the other members of the "Saints" will raise plenty hell.)

...

THERE are two films I want to recommend as powerful arguments against war . . . "The Eagle And The Hawk," and "Forgotten Men." The first is fiction. The second, fact.

You probably think you've seen enough aviation films, and no wonder.

But don't let anything make you miss Fredric March's performance as a war ace who hates every moment of his job. It is one of the most sensitive and moving war characterizations ever screened.

"Forgotten Men" is the most comprehensive collection of actual World War scenes that has been presented. It shows combat on land, sea, and in the air—a grim, gruesome picture that gives a true appraisal of the utter stupidity and inhumanity of war. But it is an experience—not an entertainment. Only for those who can take it.

• • •

VICTOR REHG of Salina, Kansas, relays this one which appeared in a column of the *Minneapolis Messenger*.

"Harry Evans, Movie Critic of *LIFE*, carried a satirical paragraph about Greta Garbo when she made her last visit to New York. It was just after she had completed the picture, 'Mata Hari.' While she was there she refused to see any reporters, so Harry (he claimed) let her know that he was just as determined not to see her as she was to avoid him. This, he declared, practically broke her heart, so she trailed him all over town trying to interview him, and finally caged him in a hotel elevator. Then, with tears in her guttural voice, the Great Garbo said,

"Ach! Always you avoid me. Vot's der Mata Hari?"

"A likely story, Evans, but I think that what Greta probably said was,

"Oh, Sweet Mr. E. of *LIFE*, at Last I've Found You."

• • •

GO AND SEE—

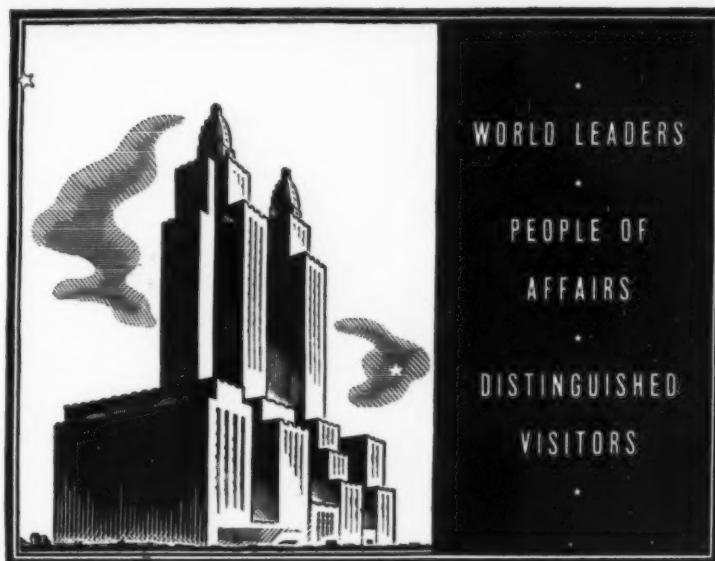
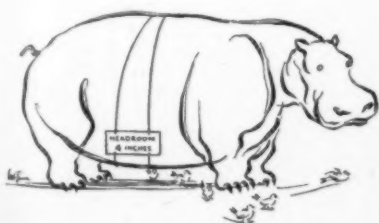
Cougar (interesting film of hunting mountain lions, swell for youngsters), *Kiss Before the Mirror*, *Peg O' My Heart*.

JUST FAIR

The Nuisance, *The Warrior's Husband*, *The Barbarian*, *Hold Me Tight*, *Below The Sea* (with clever underwater shots of diver-octopus battle), *The Girl in 419*, *Picture Snatcher*.

DON'T SEE—

The Silver Cord, *Ex-Lady*, *Wives Beware*, *Forgotten*, *Night and Day*, *Study in Scarlet*, *I Cover the Waterfront*.



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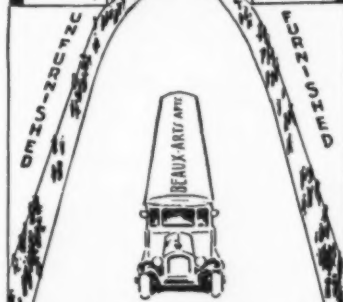
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THE WOMAN'S SLANT



Ship Shape

SHIRPS, like women, have their faces lifted. Only instead of waiting till they're fifty, they have it done at the early age of five. The luxurious Ile de France, after a five-months' retirement, has just emerged, beautiful and rejuvenated. Her sumptuous smoking rooms, her towering columns, great, gilded statues and etched windows have been freshened and refurbished. The very panelling of each cabin has been taken down, piece by piece, the joints padded and then tenderly replaced in order that there be the least possible creaking to disturb passengers' ears.

One of the popular traditions of the French Line is that theirs are the only boats where you can have as much caviar as you can possibly eat. Voyagers confirm this legend as fact. Another truth not generally known is that all food for all classes on French Line boats comes from the same general source of supply, and is cooked according to the same recipe, by the same cooks in the same kitchen, no matter what the class. The difference lies in a more limited choice as the classes go down from second to tourist to third.

This Month's Madnesses

FIZ-IT, a gadget which stands a bottle upside down upon its cap; which calls forth a few curses till pressed hard enough for an opening in the metal cap to be punctured. Finally a

lever pressed beseechingly will yield the contents, effervescent and bubbly (if you can make it work).

RITZ FRILLER will curl and wave your vegetables. Nothing like an undulated bit of parsnip, or a marcelled beet.

CELLOPHANE ROBES FOR ROSES. These are tiny bags of cellophane to slip over the bud of the rose, and discourage all advances of beetles, whose chief joy it is to nip young roses in the bud.

KOMFY-TOPS are stockings for stocky girls. They have a stretch at the top of a yard's circumference. They stretch up and down and across, and are lock-stitched against runs.

How Big Is a Man?

By averaging the sizes of clothes bought over a period of 15 years from the Rogers Peet men's clothiers, Charles F. Peters, style director for the firm, has determined what is the measurement of America's average man today. His height is 5 feet, 10 inches. He wears a size 40 suit. His waist measure is 35. Collar is 15½; arm length, 19; legs, 32; hat size, 7⅛; socks size 10½ and shoes, 8½C. Just after the War, men's chest measure widened, due to military training, and their girth fell off, due to beer. Clothiers now look to wider waistlines and portlier paunches.

Summer Design for Learning

THE newest thing in summer camps for boys from 16 to 22 is an Institute of Life Planning, to be held for 8 weeks beginning July 7, at a farm in Dover, N. J. Besides the



A prosperity windshield sticker that can easily be kept up to date.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE



Where the temperature averages 65°

Summer air is refreshing, here in the Maine woods. At West Outlet Camps, on Moosehead Lake, the temperature averages 65—and humidity is low. No wonder this is the place for sports! You canoe and swim and fish; take day-long boat trips, with lunches cooked by an experienced Maine guide; you tramp through the fragrant forest—or simply relax in luxurious comfort in the midst of the stillness of the North. For thirty years, this has been the outstanding resort on Moosehead Lake. Write for Booklet A and low rates.

WEST OUTLET CAMPS

WEST OUTLET · MAINE

FRANK A. MACKENZIE

PROPRIETOR

usual seasonal quota of golf, tennis, swimming and outdoor life, these boys, under able guidance, are to have their life charted out for them. Whether they should go into medicine, law, architecture, journalism? Should they turn artisan or remain artist? Professor A. E. Hamilton, who has been teaching Heredity and Mental Traits in the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D. C. will direct the unusual psychological summer.

• • •

Calling Names

First it was horses; now it's corsets and brassières which have the most colorful names. Picture the alacrity with which one dons a corset named any of the following: Quickees, Clicks, Pantasies, Flexees, Jaunts, Longies and the like. Brassières run toward more seductive titles, such as Virginals, Maidenforms, Her Secret, Allure, Formulike—need we go on?

• • •

Are You Wearing?

A widow's peak? Do, if you have one. They're oh! so smart! Jeweled combs for formal wear? Large, Merry Widow hats? Silver and gold wire brooches twisted in the shape of fish, birds and animals? Black? It's the smartest and coolest color for mid-summer. Jeweled clips on your ear lobes, a very French style? Are you using powder deodorants (Sphinx) or the compact kind (Odo-ro-no) instead of the former liquid kind? These newer ones are effective and far easier to apply. If you can't afford Venetian blinds at your windows, have you seen Carver shades? They're of window shade fabric that folds horizontally, with tapes and a draw cord like Venetian blinds. Just as pretty, too. Have you an Endur-ette raincoat, which folds up into a handbag and weighs 6 ounces all told? Of thinnest rubber silk.—T. W. S.

JUNE SOLUTION

RE	PA	ST	M	I	C	H	I	G	A	N
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Eases the Journey back to Health

VICHY CÉLESTINS

Extensively prescribed
by the
Medical Profession
for
stomach and liver
affections and
disorders of
nutrition
in general

The famous
natural alkaline
mineral water
of France



American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



Good
Form
MEANS
Good
Golf!

Take 6 Golf Lessons

- 1-The Grip
- 2-The Drive
- 3-The Long Iron
- 4-The Approach
- 5-The Niblick
- 6-The Putt

from **TOMMY ARMOUR**
LEO DIEGEL
JOHNNY FARRELL

for \$1.00

The finest golf instruction possible. Will take strokes off your score faster and surer than any other form of lesson. *Motion-picture animation* with instructions—by famous golfers: Tommy Armour, Johnny Farrell and Leo Diegel—six booklets, handy, pocket size—each teaching a particular stroke; also a record book to keep comparative scores enables you to check your improvement monthly. Unsolicited letters from golfers state they have reduced their scores in a short time by using this method. You will treasure these books and find them useful as long as you play golf.

MOVIE BOOK CORP., 124 W. 18th St., N. Y. City
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me, postage prepaid, a set of golf instructions by Armour, Diegel and Farrell, and record book.

Name

Street

City State.....

LIFE'S TRADEMARK CONTEST

First Prize \$25.00—Second Prize \$10.00—Third Prize \$5.00—

Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Prizes \$2.00 Each.

HERE'S another chance for you to call upon your memory, test your ingenuity, and win some cash—all in one contest! Below are 12 nationally-known and nationally-advertised trademarks. Can you identify the products they represent? If you can—or even if you're not able to name them all—send in your list *together with an original slogan for any ONE of the 12 trademarks*. Who knows—your slogan might become as famous as Bon Ami's "Hasn't scratched yet," or Packard's "Ask the man who owns one." Remember: the slogan you write for any one of the trademarks must be accompanied by a list of all 12 trademarks, or at least as many of them as you can identify.

The first prize of \$25.00 will be awarded to the contestant who furnishes the nearest complete list of identified trademarks and who, in the opinion of the judges, invents the best slogan for any one of the products represented by the trademarks below. The five other prizes will be awarded to the runners-up.

Conditions of the Contest

SLOGANS must not exceed 10 words in length. There is no limit to the number of slogans each contestant may submit but each slogan must be accompanied by a list of the trademarks. Contestants who are unable to name all 12 trademarks are not barred from

competition; all entries will be judged as much on the merits of the slogan as on the completeness of the list of trademarks.

List the trademarks at the top of the sheet of paper or postcard on which the slogan is written, numbering them in the order in which they appear on this page. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Entries should be sent to LIFE'S TRADEMARK CONTEST, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City, and must reach LIFE's office not later than Monday, August 7. Announcement of the winners will be made in the September issue.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.












Winners of the May Contest

HERE are the winners of the awards in the May Trademark Contest. First prize awarded to **Brian Harvey**, 501-43rd St., San Francisco, Calif.; second, to **Mrs. S. W. Miller**, 739 Hazelwood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; third, to **P. R. St. Clair**, P. O. Box 28, Hines, Ill.; fourth, fifth and sixth prizes to **Mrs. Hazel M. Bart**, 6119 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Walter A. Valerius**, Sussex Hall, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; and **Pearl I. Young**, 176 Victoria Ave., Hampton, Va.

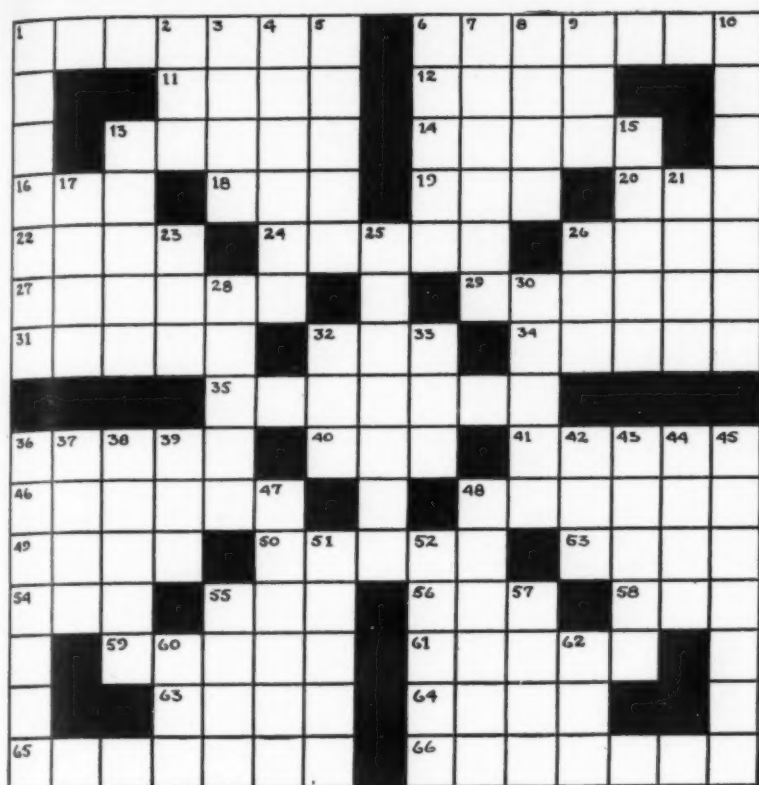
Honorable mentions go to **R. W. Carr**, 1016-17th St., Parkersburg, W. Va.; **Janet McQueen**, 320 Hampshire Rd., Akron, O.; **Harold Jackson**, Mill Plain, Danbury, Conn.; **Mrs. H. W. Schroeder**, 30 S. Main St., Paris, Texas; and **Vernesse Heitman**, 126 N. E. 47th Ave., Portland, Oregon.

The products illustrated were as follows:

- General Tires
- Brooks Brothers, Clothiers
- DeSoto Automobile
- Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco
- Knox Hats
- Beechnut Gum (and products)
- Jantzen Swim Suits
- Cunard Line
- Chevrolet Automobile
- Grace Line
- Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
- Prudential Life Insurance Co.
- Talon Fastener
- Northern Pacific Railroad
- Libby-Owens-Ford Safety Glass

 1 <i>Unibond</i>	 2 <i>Hartford</i>	 3 <i>Champion Plugs</i>
 4 <i>Sunshine Insurance</i>	 5 <i>Santa Fe</i>	 6
 7	 8	 9
 10 <i>Rock Spring</i>	 11 <i>DeMott</i>	 12 <i>Slingshot</i>

How many of these can you identify? You should be able to fill in at least ten of the dotted lines within two minutes.



HORIZONTAL

1. The Fourth of July.
6. Window cover.
11. Give relief.
12. Taken to prevent accidents.
13. Drink it down fast.
14. Noise in the pipes.
16. Wash rag.
18. Big shiner.
19. Very little here.
20. A measure of force.
22. Expensive white stone.
24. Sacred lyric.
26. Beat up.
27. Tell over.
29. Not dense.
31. Smile in derision.
32. This gets into rows in church.
34. Something put in afterwards.
35. None of us ever got over this.
36. Play-boy of Paris.
40. Dug out.
41. A pair of pinchers.
46. Made to compensate.
48. Mountain quarters in Switzerland.
49. Smell.
50. This passes for babble.
53. An argument for action.
54. This eats anything if white.
55. You'll find dough all around this.
56. One of the bright lights.
58. Round everywhere.
59. Withers.
61. One of the inferior animals.
63. Court command.
64. A summer resort.
65. The ways of the public.
66. A qualified voter.

VERTICAL

1. Shake-downs.
2. On the mend.
3. A party platform.
4. On a slant.
5. Big game cries.
6. An ugly face.
7. Gatherings of housewives.
8. Press with haste.
9. This hound is not much good at a hunt.
10. A lock favored by women.
13. All in the open.
15. This comes close.
17. Free-for-all party.
21. Deceptive plot.
23. Deceptive story.
25. Big obstacle in Columbus' way.
26. Old boy.
28. A general course.
30. A sap.
32. Vigor.
33. Great tidal wave recently returned.
36. Where most old cars are going today.
37. A religious ending.
38. Contests.
39. A writer's chief liquid asset.
42. The hardest knock to take.
43. Give out.
44. The biggest bill Congress owed us.
45. You'll find this a sticker.
47. No matter.
48. Grain food.
51. Musical stops.
52. You can eat off the top of this.
55. Skin.
57. Birthday blow-out.
60. A sheepish female.
62. Split-second.



His heart quickened at the soft fragrance of her cheeks... BUT HER SHOES HID A SORRY CASE OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a shock to think that anyone so dainty, so lovely, so desirable, could have such a repugnant thing as this fur-tive disease! Have it and neglect it! For night after night she has looked at those dainty toes—watched them break out in tiny blisters—found them stickily moist—felt them itch—seen them peel—and she's never done anything about it!

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

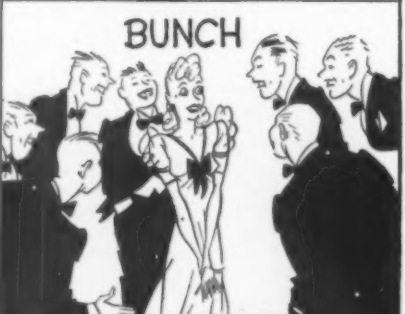
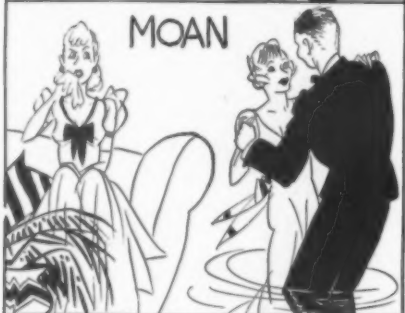
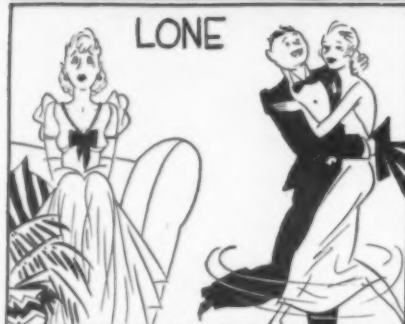
But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bath-room, this hardy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution. At all druggists, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, insomnia

"REGULAR" FOLKS

By DANNON MACHMER



PEP and vitality come from within! A sluggish system has made a wall-flower out of many a girl.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, plays an important part in the lives of millions. It is effective for adults and children alike. For 27 years it has been America's favorite, for it is the ideal laxative—pleasant, gentle, effective.

Try Ex-Lax yourself! 10c and 25c—at all drug stores.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



SUCH IS LIFE!

LETTERS

DEAR LIFE: Allow me to congratulate you on your new feature, "Impossible Magazine Mergers," especially No. 2 in the current issue.

This is one of the cleverest features I've seen in a humor magazine for some time, and I read 'em all.

Yours truly,
—J. M. Shields
Phila., Penna.

To Don Herold: I have been reading your theatre articles in *LIFE* recently. As much as I have enjoyed them, I really doubt if I have enjoyed them any more than I did your very earliest efforts in connection with the publication of "The Flea,"* two copies of which I found among some old papers the other day.

—Geo. S. Ward
Washington, D. C.

*"The Flea" was a one-man magazine written and edited by Don Herold at the age of fifteen.—Ed.

SHOP TALK

TONY BALCOM comes down from Westport once a month with his newest tin portrait (see page 8) but he doesn't stay any longer than he has to—New York's too noisy, he says.



Albert Vialé: A young French artist whose swell sense of humor and unusually bright pen-and-ink work has graced many a page of *LIFE*. Mr. Vialé does the decorations for our monthly calendar, among other things; and this month he dashed off the burlesque oil painting on page 21. A whimsical guy, who couldn't even resist the temptation to retouch his own photograph.

Tony is the only man we know who doesn't worry about money. Reason is, he has developed the barter system to a point where actual currency is unnecessary and a nuisance. Last Christmas he made a linoleum-print greeting card, went down to the local heating and plumbing establishment and flashed the print at the manager. "How would you like to use this for a Christmas card?" he asked. "Fine," said the manager, "but I couldn't pay you your price for a swell piece of art like that." "All it'll cost you," said Tony, "is an oil heater." The oil heater was, shortly after that, installed in Tony's house—at no cost. Tony did the same stunt with local tree surgeons, the ice man, and various other tradespeople, who served him in return for placards, greeting cards, delivery wagon lettering, and every other form of artistic endeavor. Last time Tony had lunch with us, we grabbed the checks and pulled a five-dollar bill from our pocket. "What's that," asked Tony, "a cigar coupon?" "No," we explained, "it's that new-size money we've had for the last couple of years!" . . . **JEFF MACHAMER** says he's just high hat enough not to drink beer until they put wing collars on it. . . . Thumbnail sketch of a pest. Girl at the switchboard rings our phone and says, "A Mr. Chizzle to see you. Says he has an idea for *LIFE*." Mr. Chizzle breezes in, opens a portfolio, and shows us an idea that doesn't fit into our editorial policy any better than a pair of mail order shoes fit an Iowa farmer. "Have you read *LIFE* lately?" we ask. "No," admits Mr. Chizzle cheerily, "I haven't seen *LIFE*—or any other magazine—for two years. Don't need to; I know what's in 'em." At this point we reach under our desk and push a button, and Mr. Chizzle's chair disappears suddenly through a trapdoor. Mr. Chizzle ends up in the basement, where two strong men force him to read six issues each of ten leading magazines including our own new college quarterly, *UNIVERSITY* (adv't.) . . . **SID PERELMAN** is out on the coast again dabbling in pictures. Writes he: "Hollywood is still the same fairyland made out of beaver-board and Dennison crinkle paper. Here, amid dry oil-wells and gushing columnists, doll-faced blondes munch barbecued beef on a bun and yearn to be insulted . . ."

—The Editors.

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